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FATHER CYPRIAN BAREZE.

CYPRIAN now diverted his whole attention to other nations; and believing, by the information given him, that farther eastward there was a numerous people, he set out, in order to discover them. After travelling six days without meeting with a human footstep, he came, on the seventh, to a numerous tribe. In order to reclaim them, he employed the same methods he had already found so successful among the Moxos. He soon won them to Christianity, so that the missionaries whom he afterwards sent easily prevailed upon them to leave their dwellings, and to remove to a place thirty leagues distant, and there establish a considerable settlement, called St. Xavier. Leaving this people, after a stay of some months, he went a journey of many days into the country, till he found himself amidst a tribe called the Circonians. The instant they perceived him, they took up their arrows, and were about to shoot him and the converts in his company; but he disarmed their anger. He passed some time among them; and, by visiting their various settlements, discovered another people, called the Guarayans, who were the dread of all their neighbors, by reason of their fierceness, and their love of human flesh. They often pursued men as if they were wild beasts, when they chanced to meet them on their hunting grounds, and preferred to take them alive. They had no fixed places of abode; but they acknowledged that they were perpetually terrified with the sad cries of the souls whose bodies they devoured. One day, meeting a few of these barbarians, his converts prepared to kill them, and were with difficulty prevented by the missionary, who said, that though their cruelties deserved death, the Christian religion forbade men to take revenge into their own hands. The barbarians, in gratitude conducted him to their homes, where he

met with the utmost civility, and he sought to inspire them with horror for their crimes. They seemed touched with his arguments, and promised to comply with his instructions: but no sooner was he out of sight, than they forgot all their promises, and banqueted upon their fellow-creatures as heartily as before. In the very next journey he took into their territory, he saw seven young Indians, whom they were going to murder, and afterwards devour: he conjured them to refrain, and they solemnly pledged themselves to show mercy; but he was indignant, on his return, to find the ground strewed with the bones of four of the victims; and so greatly was he moved at the spectacle, that he took the three who survived, and led them to the town of the "Blessed Trinity," where he carefully instructed them.

Order, industry, and comparative comfort were seen in this prosperous colony: the streets were laid out in a straight line, and the houses were low, with only a ground-floor, made of reeds plastered with mortar, without any chimneys or windows, so that the smoke escaped through the door. There was a storehouse for the settlement, filled with cotton, herbs, dried fish, and game, stored up in common; the cattle grazed on the rank plain, and there were shops for the different trades. The church was the august edifice of the place, towering over the lowly homes as the Vatican looks down on palace and temple. A few fields were cultivated, and flowers in abundance, from the seeds which he brought from Santa Cruz.

He had long since acquired the language, and had composed several hymns and canticles, which the people sang at the services. So fond were they of this psalmody, that it was heard in the highways and in the dwellings, where whole families would unite their voices; and sometimes the neophytes, passing over the wide plain, would join in a solemn chant, which came sweetly, yet mournfully, from afar. The converts had acquired, by constant practice, no small skill: the voices of the women were the most soft and melodious. There were instances of a more touching emotion in the female breast, than in that of the hunter or warrior. In another mission a young Indian, baptized by the name of Theresa, conducted herself, for some time, suitably to her profession; but the license of manners among the people of the adjacent villages tempted her to forget her engagements. She soon after married, and went one day with her husband to the chase; the troop was composed of eleven persons, of both sexes, among whom Theresa was the only Christian, even in name. They went to the distant mountains, where the Moxos hunt every year. The snow, which had fallen very late that season, rendered the chase unsuccessful; their provisions were soon consumed, and their supplies being precarious, want began to stare them in the face. The husband of Theresa fell dangerously ill, which obliged the hunters to halt. Two among them resolved to go farther into the mountains, to try to kill some game, promising to return, at the latest, in ten days. At the end of that time, one of the savages returned, and said that his companion had died of hunger and misery; but they suspected that he had killed him, and lived on his flesh, for he confessed that he had slain no animal, yet he was full of strength and health. This event extinguished the last hopes of the party. Theresa continued to watch her husband with the utmost tenderness; and when he expressed regret that he had not received baptism, remorse took possession of her heart. She remembered, in this extremity, the mercies she had once tasted, and longed to be

able to console him, to speak to him the words of hope and repentance; but she dared not utter them, for she felt that the dying man was less guilty than herself. They would have removed him, but life ebbed too quickly; and faithful to their friend, they refused to leave the spot. A constant fire was kept, and a shelter raised around the dying, to keep off the cold blast. Theresa, in his last moments, knelt beside him, cut off a part of his hair, kissed his eyes and brow, and sang to him in that low, mournful tone, which the Indian women believe soothes the spirits of the departing. The snow continued to fall around them; and the savages sat beside the fire in gloomy silence. When he died, they buried their companion in a rude grave, without any wailing, for they were faint with hunger and misery. They set out towards their home, but, after two or three days' march, they were so feeble that they could advance no farther; and the men, who had refused to forsake their sick friend, resolved to kill one of their band, to support the remainder. They spared Theresa, and cast their eyes on the widow of the man who had perished in the mountains. She and her two children were killed and eaten, one after the other. Theresa turned with horror from the feast, and imploring pardon for her past life, vowed to devote herself wholly to God. After incredible fatigues, the five survivors reached their home. A few days after, she repaired to the church, and, fearing to enter, she stood like Mary Magdalen, without, weeping; and then went and sat down at the foot of the cross, which was placed on the bank of the stream. By degrees she joined, once more, in the services of the church, and was admitted as a neophyte. Being handsome, and of a gentle disposition, she was often vainly importuned to marry again. She had placed a cross in the trunk of a withered tree, at some distance from the village, and this solitary place served her for an oratory; it was her altar in the desert, to which she loved to come and pray, even more than in the chapel. While thus engaged, she gathered strength from day to day, and her constancy could not be shaken; she thought of her hour of desolation, of her husband dying on the mountain; had she but been faithful to God, she could have calmed his despair. Should she listen to marriage, her heart might be led away, and the horror of that hour return. She refused to give ear to it, and dwelt in her widowed cottage alone; and when the men were gone to the river to fish, and the women were in the chapel, she often stole forth to the withered tree, where she was sometimes heard singing a low chant, that was not a hymn or a canticle, but resembled the parting wail over her husband on the mountain side, for the young Indian woman could not wholly resist the spell of former superstition.

The congregation being now too numerous for the church, Cyprian set about building another, much larger, and in better taste. It is doubtful whether the love of building be not stronger in the wilderness than in the city, for there the work of our hands is more glorious; tower, roof, and fretted aisle look like a victory over nature, and on them the sun first falls, and lingers the last ere he passes away; to their gate the people crowd from mountain, and forest, and shore; and there the tombs of the caciques, no longer scattered on the rank grass, stand in solemn array beside the wall, with a memorial that they died in the bosom of faith, and shall be raised again in power. Experience had improved the architecture of Cyprian and his savages. The first edifice could not compete in grandeur with the second, the fame of which extended through all

the land. On the day of dedication, the people of other tribes came from a distance; troop after troop was seen advancing over the plain, all belonging to the Moxos nation. "The heathens flocked from all parts, to behold this wonder; they were struck with admiration at the sight, and judged, from the majesty of the temple, of the greatness of the Deity worshipped in it." Every stone and beam, gate and pillar, had been prepared by the care of Cyprian, and wrought by his own hand and that of his converts, who might be excused if they felt a little vain-glorious on the occasion.

"It was observable on this, as well as on other seasons, that the devotion of the people was always highest, when the mystery of the sufferings of our Lord was commemorated, and they could rarely restrain their tears."

Was it not time that he should reap the full recompense of his toils? He had consumed the best portion of his life, not against "the powers of this world, or spiritual wickedness in high places," but in the more agonizing contest with brutal ignorance and obduracy, and darkness that might be felt. Oh, the inexpressible toil and torture, renewed hour after hour, of striving to infuse ideas into the heavy brain of the savage! to see his vacant, meaningless eye fixed on your own, while you weave your thoughts and words into the simplest, humblest form, and still, in his spirit, all is without form and void! Cyprian was an educated and well-informed man: could he find one kindred being, with whom to hold sweet converse among his dear Moxians? Save his expedition to procure cattle, he was without even the relief of a change of scene, for the dreary wild had been his only home. No place of abode so soon wearies on the heart, as a dull and desolate plain. Let the exile pitch his tent in the valley, on the mountain summit, on the shore of the ever tempestuous sea, but let him beware of the interminable plain: he bears with him a memory full of associations, and finds not one object *there* to harmonize with them. Cyprian sometimes went forth, in his leisure hours, which were very few, and sat beneath the groups of palm-trees. Their shadow was precious as a protection from the rays of a vertical sun, during which the fiery air was loaded with vapors, and the musquitoes were like floating clouds; and the pools and small lakes left by the rainy season, being gradually dried up, wild flowers, noxious weeds, vipers and serpents, were generated in the rank prolific beds. The other missionaries used a parasol to protect them from the scorching sun, but he never allowed himself so necessary a solace, but during his frequent journeys he slept in the open air, without any precaution against the heavy rains, or the cold, which was often so piercing; and four hours only did he allow himself for repose. Besides a cruel discipline that he frequently inflicted on his body, and a coarse hair-shirt he generally wore, his life was a continual fast: in his journeys he chiefly lived on the roots which grew in the country. When his church was finished, he took his sleep during the night, seated at the foot of the altar; but this hard couch was dearer to him than a bed of down, although he did not even recline, but sat there in the attitude of one who meditates.

He was the bold explorer of these regions; and when the people saw other missionaries arrive, it was not with the same feelings; for Cyprian was associated with their first glimpses of reason, their first yearnings of heart; it was he who had taught them the mechanical arts, and architecture, and music; and when they saw him celebrate mass, whether for the living or the dead, or pronouncing absolution, punishment,

or penance, he was, in their eyes, as the vicegerent of God. This hierarchy of the soul was precious, and assisted its possessors to the virtues of equanimity and resignation, amidst all their fastings, watchings, and macerations. The step of Cyprian had been slow towards his present palmy state, from his first wretched hut among the Moxos, where the crucifix lay half concealed in a recess, and the picture of the "Blessed Lady" was enveloped in clouds of smoke, and in danger of being devoured by the vipers and lizards. In a few years he had chased the enchanters from the hills, and planted the Cross where their abominable dances had been followed by intoxication. In the colony of Loretta, the chapel was a rude structure, but there the Moxians beheld with wonder the picture of their patroness installed in all her beauty. In the course of a few years the first and then the second temple of the Trinity had risen, to which every arrival from Santa Cruz brought some new ornament; and dearly did Cyprian love this edifice, although it possessed few of the associations which in an ancient christian country hallow a religious temple.

There were no aged trees shading the grey sepulchres beneath, no emblems of the dead on the walls, or crosier and mitre sculptured in marble. No voice of the past breathed through the fretted aisle, but the stillness of the plain without fell on the soul; the solitude of nature was there, but not her majesty or beauty. The moon, in its glory, rested on the marshy lakes and pools, that slept heavily, and on the rank tumuli of the caciques, who were men of renown in their day; but no shadow of grove or mountain broke the endless light, and no music of the wind in the forest, or of the rushing stream, fell on the ear. The glory and excitement of Cyprian were centred within the walls and on the cold pavement, his only couch; he passed part of the night in lonely meditation. Yet his comfortless hours of sleep were calm; it was useless for the tempter to whisper of fame, that passes as a vapor away; or of love, that dies like a dream with the morning; but he might have said to Cyprian, "here are thy principalities and powers;" O solitary man, thou art mighty as an angel. Yes, the instigations of pride might have found their way into the dreams of him whose grey head reposed against the altar which his hand enclasped, while above him rose the great crucifix with the figure of the Saviour, and near him were the five altars, with the images of his guardian saints, and the pictures to which his finger directed the adoring people. He sleeps, indeed, in weakness and with his pallid face upraised, his thin hands outspread, but his waking may nevertheless be glorious, for the dawn shall summon him by the sound of a gun to celebrate the mass, amidst odors, and tears, and sobs, while all the people are bowed and broken before him.

A few missionaries had come, some years previous, to his aid; but they were insufficient for the three Reductions, already established, and several infant colonies lately founded, and for the tribes whom he continued from time to time to visit. The great distance of Lima, and the other Spanish towns, rendered it very difficult to procure any more laborers. He had often conversed with his companions concerning the means of opening a communication between these idolatrous countries and the cities of Peru; but he nearly despaired of ever succeeding in it. He, however, resolved to set out on the enterprise, to cross, with a few converts, the long range of mountains to the east of Peru, taking with him some provisions, and the instruments

necessary for opening a way through the mountains.

Had Cyprian, during the years he was occupied in exploring this route, kept a journal of his wanderings and conflicting feelings, it would have been little less interesting than that of Orellana, or the companions of Columbus. He was without compass or guide, without path or track of any kind, and was obliged to watch, like the Arab, the stars in the clear sky, that shone not here on an expanse of sand, but impervious forests, precipices, and weary summits and rocks. The way was in many places so covered with tufted grass and tangled underwood, that they were obliged to set fire to it before they could make any progress. Often he travelled on lofty elevations, benumbed with the extremity of the cold, drenched with violent rains, or unable to keep his footing on grounds slippery with wet or sheeted with ice—while, at a vast distance below, he beheld valleys covered with trees, and the rich pastures of a softer clime. The roar of cataracts falling from the cliffs, came distinctly through the air, but he could find no way to descend. Oftentimes, being quite spent with fatigue, and having consumed all his provisions, he was ready to die with hunger and misery. Thus did he and his companions wander up and down, still baffled and defeated, but refusing to turn back from the attempt. Thrice did the winter and thrice the summer revolve over their heads in these mountain solitudes, and they, like shipwrecked men on a desert shore, every returning morn looked out for some sign, some trace, to guide them to Peru, and with the last gleams of light they still gazed long and mournfully for Peru, not for its gold and silver, but to bring the gospel to its countless sons. In some places, which were the haunt of wild beasts, they were in imminent danger, and were only safe by kindling large fires, and watching them, by turns, all night long. The only means they possessed of kindling a fire, was by rubbing two sticks violently one against the other; and the herbs and roots which they found, were their chief sustenance; except that sometimes, a partridge, or at other times a monkey of a peculiar species, which is considered, when boiled, a peculiar delicacy by the Indians, was caught by them. In the bosom of the vast forests they occasionally discovered enchanting places, where there was perpetual verdure on the trees, and green on the earth: open to the sky, yet sheltered by the surrounding wood from the heat and the blast. Here Cyprian was tempted to rest, for these beautiful glades recalled the descriptions he had formerly read of the ancient hermits of the Thebais, who dwelt in some oasis in the desert. In the third year he made a last attempt in a new direction, and it was then that his patience received its reward: for after going through fresh scenes of trial, he one day, at a time when he imagined he was quite lost, crossed at random a deep forest, and then came to the top of a mountain, whence he at last discovered Peru. Immediately he fell prostrate on the earth to thank God for his mercy and care.

As he slowly descended into the rich and noble plains, the triumph of the bold and successful adventurer mingled with the rapture of the missionary. He advanced towards a college of the fathers, lately raised in this territory, which stood temptingly in a grove of trees, under a benign climate. He sent forward advice of his arrival, and of the discovery he had made of this new route; the news was received with the highest applause, and all were anxious to welcome the celebrated Moxian missionary. And here occurs an almost incredible instance of

self-denial: he was not far from a dwelling where every comfort and solace awaited him; but he refused to enter the gates, and even to draw near them. "He judged it would be more agreeable to God to sacrifice his desires to Him, though inclination prompted him to go and visit his old friends, after an absence of twenty-four years; and though it was natural for him to rest awhile in this fine climate, there to recover, if possible, the strength which was so enervated."

He requested that the college would send some missionaries to him, and then, "in this rare spirit of mortification, he immediately returned to his mission by the new road he had traced with so much toil, and thus deprived himself of the praises so justly due to his succesful enterprise." But it is more easy to smile at than to commiserate with Cyprian, painfully climbing again the dreary heights with a wistful glance, occasionally directed, perhaps, to the spot where the college stood, in its rich grove, and then facing doggedly the summits of snow and the sweep of the blast. The cavern in the rock must be his resting-place, instead of the goodly chamber of the college, a blazing fire, a nourishing repast, and old familiar faces gathering round; where, while for once he relaxed his austerities, and drank a generous glass of wine, to repair "the force which so much toil had exhausted," how animating would it have been to tell of all he had endured and suffered, and at night to peruse by the light of the lamp the volumes of the college library, that he might enrich once more the intellect,—a luxury to which, since leaving Lima, he had been an utter stranger.

"To preserve order in the settlement, some of the eldest neophytes are chosen, and they are among the Indians what the censors were of old in Rome, and are styled regidores; they bring offenders in a penitential habit to the church, where they beg pardon of God in a public manner, and a penance is enjoined. There are five altars in the church, and in its body there are aisles: several caciques, or chiefs, assist at the service of every altar: on great festivals, they take their place about the canopy under which the eucharist is carried. There is a chief sacristan, and two others under him, besides six clerks, who wear a train three-quarters of a yard in length. The church is always open: before sunrise many resort there to pray: every morning at break of day all the children repair to church; they recite alternately the morning prayer and the Christian doctrine. Then mass is said, and all the inhabitants are obliged to assist; after mass all go to work: in the evening the children are catechised; then all the faithful repair to the church, to recite the rosary and the evening prayers. Every Saturday a mass of the blessed Lady is sung with music; and in the evening, after the rosary is said, her Litany is sung, and a prayer for the dead. On Sunday morning high mass is sung; after the gospel, a missionary goes up to the pulpit, and explains the gospel of the day. Penances are imposed on those who are found in fault. In the evening, the particular congregations and societies meet to perform their respective exercises, and hear an exhortation. The missionaries always conclude their sermons with an act of contrition, that contains the strongest motives to be sorry for past offences: the church rings again with sobs and sighs; and the neophytes, full of a holy hatred of themselves, endeavor to expiate their failings with austerities and macerations, which they would carry to excess, if care was not taken to keep them within bounds. How far they carry

their tenderness and delicacy of conscience, appears particularly at the tribunals of penance. They shed a torrent of tears when they accuse themselves of defects so very small, that it is sometimes a question whether they are sufficient matter for absolution; yet they are never weary with putting questions to their confessor, with a scrupulous anxiety, whether this or that be a sin. Their confessions are long and perplexing, the good people having numberless doubts to propose or scruples to be removed. There is a procession, in which they go, every Monday, to assist at a mass sung for for the dead. There are solemn processions on the feast of St. Mark, the Rogation days, the titular festivals of the church, and when the stations of a jubilee are performed. They pass through the streets, which have all a cross, of good workmanship, erected at the end; they stop before each: the children sing to set music some part of the Christian doctrine, and the people answer in plain song: they then march to the oratories without the town, which are an agreeable shelter from the wind and the scorching heat of the sun. The altars in the church are set off with flowers and sweet herbs; garlands made with leaves and flowers are hung about the church, and yield a most agreeable smell. On the greater solemnities, perfumes are burnt."

"We already perceive," it is observed by a missionary, "a kind of dawn, as it were, of politeness and civility breaking forth among them; they salute one another whenever they meet, and make us, whom they consider as their masters, low bows, and kiss their hands before they come up to us. They invite such Indian strangers as travel through their settlements to lodge with them, and exercise a liberal hospitality, beseeching these travellers to love them as brethren. Hence there is reason to hope, that, with the grace of God, who has succored us so much hitherto, we shall make of this people, not only a church of true Christians, but likewise, before 'tis long, a city, and perhaps a kingdom, of men who may live together agreeably to the most perfect laws of society. All our efforts, however, have been in vain, to make them love or practise fasting; their appetite is never satisfied with a meal that would be sufficient for one of our missionaries. The church is always thronged with auditors; private houses are frequently heard to resound with the praises of God, and with the instructions which the most fervent among them give to the rest. During passion-week, I had the consolation to see in the church above five hundred Indians, rigorously chastising their bodies on Good Friday in honor of the Redeemer scourged. But a circumstance which forced tears from my eyes, was the sight of a company of young Indians of both sexes, who, with eyes cast humbly down, their heads crowned with thorns, and their arms stretched out on stakes disposed in the form of a cross, imitated for above an hour, in this posture, the painful condition of the crucified Saviour, whose image stood before their eyes."

The new route opened by Bareze to the heart of Peru, was eminently useful to the mission, as it could be travelled in fifteen days: and thus could a regular supply of pastors be obtained, and a communication of the churches with each other. This enterprise appears to have enhanced the love of travel in his mind; after its perils, miseries, and startling changes were over, he did not sit down, satisfied and thankful, but was urged by a restless desire to go forth again. Once more in the midst of his "dear neophytes," far from enjoying the little solaces and comforts which they gathered round him, he thought only of going to discover

another nation. They besought him to stay, and rest from his cruel fatigues, and spoke of the prosperity of their community, and how they had lamented him during his long absence. The church was more and more crowded, and most of the converts had been faithful; and as the flocks slowly increased, many fields began to be cultivated in the plain. It seemed that the cold and the tempest, the heat and the blast, the burning hope of discovering Peru, and at last its blest fulfilment, had strung the spirit to too long and high an excitement; and perhaps he felt, unconsciously, a weariness in the sameness and quiescence of the scene around him. Yet it was time to think of rest: sixty-one years had blanched his hair, and made his steps less swift than when he came, at thirty-three, into the country. The desire of his heart was given him; the pure ambition that led him heretofore from Lima was accomplished: the people whom the Jesuits, during an entire century, desired in vain to visit, were brought to Christianity. Was it now the time, in the "sear and yellow leaf" of his career, to journey to a nation more barbarous and brutal, where the tedious work of instruction and patience must be gone through again?

But there is a restlessness of feeling to which the missionary and the traveller are peculiarly subject: desire of change, once felt, returns as the heat by day and the thirst by night, even when the living waters of energy and strength begin to be dried up; when the pitcher rests at the cistern, and the golden bowl wearies at the fountain. Oh beautiful and deathless love of travel, that outliveth every other love! When the pulse lingers, and the blood creeps chill, it will yet bear us onward to the scene of our earliest, dearest adventure; and when the grave has closed over every tie, and each native scene is desolate, is it not exquisite to be able to gather up the treasures of foreign lands, of mountains and valleys yet unseen? and though the step be more slow, shall not the spirit renew its freshness and glory again? The entreaties of the people were of no avail, nor could even the flattering appearance of the "Trinity" allure him to stay. A band of the christians ought to have been his guard; but he set out alone to the Tapacures, a people who lived a hundred miles distant, towards a chain of high mountains. Their manners and usages resemble those of the Moxos, but they are not so brave; and being very fleet of foot, often, in battle, they have recourse to their heels. Cyprian was kindly welcomed by these people, who were very tractable, and promised to receive any missionaries he might send. The discovery which gave him the highest pleasure was the Baures, who were more civilized in their heathenism than the Moxos. Every village was surrounded with a strong pallisade, and they used in battle a kind of shield, made of canes interwoven, and covered with cotton and feathers of various colors. Their women were well dressed; they received their guests kindly, and spread a large piece of cotton on the ground as the seat of honor, the soil of the country was very fruitful. He advanced a considerable way up the country, visiting a great many villages, all whose people seemed to approve of the new law he preached. Already he began to picture a new church in the land; but he knew not the fickle and treacherous temper of the people. His two companions heard a great noise of drums in the night-time, from a village he had not yet visited, and, being seized with a panic, besought him to fly with all possible speed, before it was too late; assuring him, from their knowledge of the customs of the country, that the sound was a fatal omen to him.

Cyprian was now sensible that he had abandoned himself to the mercy of a cruel people; for scarcely had he departed a few paces, in compliance with the entreaties of his companions, than he met a troop of Baures, armed with hatchets, and bows and arrows. They threatened him before they came up, and shot many arrows, which from the distance, did not take effect. Advancing nearer, they wounded him in the arm and thigh, while the converts fled out of the reach of the arrows. Rushing forward, the Baures fell upon him with fury, and pierced his body in several places; he still held forth the cross, when one of the barbarians, forcing it out of his hand, struck him a mortal blow with an axe on the head. He died at the close of the year 1702, having spent twenty-seven years and three months in his mission. His death chanced on the anniversary of the matrydom of St. Cyprian near Carthage, whose friends took up the body, and gave it an honorable interment; but the Peruvian missionary fell obscurely. No friend or lover lamented over him, for his two companions stayed not their flight till they reached the settlement, where the grief was rendered more bitter by the thought that his remains were denied to rest among them. A rude grave was dug by his murderers, and a cross afterwards erected by the missionaries. How different from the sad and solemn procession with which the Moxians would have borne him to his own burial-place, beside the tombs of the caciques, in the shadow of the trees his hand had planted! Cyprian was an upright man: the love of God, ardent zeal for the conversion of the heathen, were the ruling feelings of his life. The pastors who came to his aid, sometimes censured his too great kindness and condescension to the Indians, whose nature it was to presume thereon, and abuse his patience. He replied, that if this was true, God would find other means to maintain his authority over the people, and that mercy and forbearance being the spirit of the gospel which he preached, he could not too much enforce by his example, this divine philosophy. No less than thirty missionaries were, at the time of his death, engaged in the mission, which counted fifteen settlements, from twenty to thirty miles apart, containing two thousand persons each.

The lonely resting-place of Cyprian is beautifully depicted in the lines of an exquisite poetess:—

A single grave!—the only one
In this unbroken ground,
Where yet the forest leaf and flower
Are lingering around.

The shade where forest trees shut out
All but the distant sky;
I've felt the loneliness of night
When the dark winds passed by.

My pulse has quickened with its awe,
My lip has gasped for breath;
But what were they to such as this—
The solitude of death!

The place is purified with hope,
The hope is that of prayer,
And human love and heavenward thought,
And pious faith are there.

But *this* grave is so desolate
With no remembering stone,
No fellow-graves for sympathy,
'Tis utterly alone.

I do not know who sleeps beneath,
His history or name—
Whether, if lonely in his life,
He is in death the same.

Whether he died unloved, unmourned,
The last leaf on the bough;
Or if some desolated hearth
Is weeping for him now.

Perhaps this is too fanciful;
Though silent be his sod,
Yet not the less it has around
The presence of his God.

Where he found a desert, the home of reckless penury and destitution, he left plenty, industry, and comfort. The best workmen were well dressed in cloth and silks: the churches were large, well built, and richly ornamented: each family had an allotment of ground and cattle. The Spaniards in Peru, sent costly offerings to this mission.

DISCOURSE

ON THE RIGHT REV. JOHN DUBOIS, D. D., BISHOP OF NEW-YORK.

BY THE REV. JOHN M'CAFFREY,

PRESIDENT OF MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, EMMETSBURG.

"Blessed is the man, who hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, nor sat in the chair of pestilence: But his will is in the law of the Lord, and on his law shall he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted near the running waters, which shall bring forth its fruit in due season. And his leaf shall not fall off; and all, whatsoever he shall do, shall prosper."—*Ps.* i. 1, 2, 3.

It is not, my brethren, a temporal prosperity, that is promised to those who avoid the ways of sinners and meditate continually on the law of God. All things, which they do, shall indeed prosper; but in that higher sense, in which the inspired Apostle assures us, that "for those who love God, all things work together unto good." (*Rom.* viii. 28.) The lot of the truly religious man may be obscurity and affliction; it may be disappointment in all his earthly hopes: still "the light of God's countenance shines upon him;" he is advancing in the path of christian perfection; his soul abounds in spiritual riches, and growing daily in favor with his heavenly Father, is daily more and more adorned with heavenly graces. Truly, therefore, is he "like a tree planted near the running waters," which hides its abundant fruit beneath its luxuriant foliage.

But, my brethren, there is a kind of temporal prosperity, which the greatest saints have prized and coveted, and which we all regard as a mark of divine approbation. I mean success in great undertakings begun for God's sake alone, and carried on through purest zeal for his glory, amidst continual sacrifices and self-denials, in the spirit of humble piety and incessant prayer. The Xaviers, the Ignatii, the Vincents of Paul, in their stupendous efforts to gain souls to Christ and benefit mankind, were animated by a hope that the divine blessing would prosper all their labors. The apostles, bearing the triumphant standard of Christianity from land to land, did not fail to sing canticles of victory to their heavenly leader, and as, when they were scourged by the Jews, "they rejoiced that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus," (*Acts* v. 41.) so, when

thousands were converted by their preaching, they gave thanks to God, who crowned their ministry with such success. This kind of prosperity is given to none but the chosen servants of God. Our divine Redeemer intimates it, when he says to the twelve: "I have chosen you, and have appointed you, that you should go and should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." (*John* xv. 16.)

Now, my brethren,—called together by a common feeling of gratitude towards a common benefactor, lift up your eyes, look round about and tell me what you see! what, but monuments of the pure religious zeal of Bishop Dubois clearly marked with the seal of divine benediction? Who reared to the honor of Almighty God, the temple in which you are assembled? Who set it beautifully on the Mountain's brow, to crown our sacred hill as with a diadem of glory? From this lofty height, enjoying a magnificent prospect, which expands and elevates the soul,—with half of Maryland stretched before you, and a large part of Pennsylvania, and something of Virginia too,—tell me, who has done most for the welfare, above all the spiritual welfare, of those who have pitched their tents upon the mountain's side, or in its fertile valleys, or on the plain below? Who adorned our neighborhood with that noble collegiate edifice? Who raised up in the tangled forest that abode of science and letters? Who dedicated to the muses that crystal spring gushing in wild music from the rock? Who taught the wilderness to bloom as a garden, and converted the rude forest into a paradise, in which study and piety might, like twin angels, walk hand in hand, and from which it might be hoped, that the tempting serpent of worldly dissipation would be effectually excluded? Who established that nursery of the American church, from which so many priests and bishops have gone forth,—pastors according to God's own heart,—men whose talents, learning, and piety have reflected lustre on their *Alma Mater*, and rendered *Mt. St. Mary's* "a bright and venerable name?" Who gave a still more enviable celebrity to St. Joseph's valley, and, like the prophet smiting the rock at Horeb, caused a perrenial fountain of charity to gush forth, that the poor orphan might not, for want of the well-springs of religious benevolence, perish of thirst in the arid desert of human society? Who gave mothers to the motherless, tender nurses to the destitute sick,—meek-eyed, soft-toned sisters to calm the raving maniac, and govern by gentleness and sweet affection, the darkened being whom reason has ceased to rule? Who prepared and formed those christian heroines, ready at any moment to fly to the seat of contagion, there to hover, like guardian angels, around the suffering and dying,—soothing every sorrow, relieving every pain, inspiring confidence by their calm intrepidity, inspiring piety by their beautiful example, inspiring the guilty soul with contrition and the despairing with hopes of mercy, and breathing their own faith and charity and humble trust into the spirit trembling on the verge of eternity? Who, in a word, nurtured the institution of the Sisters of Charity from helpless infancy up to a strong and flourishing maturity? What one man, I ask, has in this our day and in our country done most for the good of souls, most for the relief of human misery, most for the benefit of society? You are all ready with one voice to answer:—It is Bishop Dubois, the Father of St. Joseph's,—the Founder of Mt. St. Mary's. Yes, he was that "blessed man" of whom the psalmist speaks. He was "like the tree, planted by the running waters and bringing

forth fruit in due season." All things, whatsoever he did, were fertilized by the dews of Heaven, were watered from the fountains of divine grace and prospered under the blessing of the Most High God.

To us particularly, my brethren, his religious zeal was a fountain of blessings; and now, that he hath gone to rest in the bosom of his Lord, like pious children, who have lost a beloved and venerated father, let us seek consolation in the remembrance of his virtues, and strengthen all our good resolutions by the argument of his edifying example.

The ways of God are indeed mysterious, and admirable are the designs of his mercy, and beautiful it is to trace, where light is given us to do so, their progress and development. A foreigner, flung by the tempest of an impious and bloody revolution on our hospitable shores, boldly undertakes, with none of the ordinary means and no human prospect of success, and happily achieves the most important works of benevolence: a friendless stranger flying from the wrath of his brethren beyond the Atlantic, adopting customs and institutions quite new and strange, and lisping a language unknown to his youth, becomes the benefactor of the country which adopts him: as Joseph, sold into captivity, a sojourner in the land of Cham, received from Egypt's sons the glorious name of "Saviour." In studying the history of the good man, whose example it is my duty to unfold to you, I behold indeed a chosen instrument of divine Providence; but I also behold the noble portrait, which the royal psalmist has drawn with a skilful hand, of him who is truly pious and therefore truly blessed,—one, who flies the company of sinners, who gives all his affections to the law of God and meditates on it both day and night, that, knowing his heavenly Father's will, he may more and more perfectly accomplish it;—one, who in reward for this fidelity of mind and heart, in the midst of "an unbelieving and perverse generation," is inspired with high resolves and great designs, is endowed with vigor, fortitude, and perseverance to execute them, and favored with manifest signs of divine protection in the signal success of his undertakings.

Mr. Dubois was born in Paris on the 24th day of August, in the year 1764. His parents were respectable, and appear to have been in easy circumstances. They knew that "it is good for a man to have borne the yoke from his youth:" (*Lament.* iii. 27.) they knew, that if you train up a young man in the way in which he should walk, "even when he is old, he will not depart from it." (*Prov.* xxii. 6.) They were therefore, or rather his prudent mother (for he lost his father, when very young) was especially careful to implant in his tender breast the seeds of every virtue. From the character of the man we learn the principles instilled into the soul of the child. He was educated at the college of Louis Le Grand,—a college, which has given to France so many of her most illustrious sons, and which contributed to form the character of him who longest remained among us, as a grand and beautiful specimen of that august Assembly which decreed our national independence. Among his preceptors were the famous poet, the Abbé Delille, and the Abbè Prayart, the author of the life of Decalogne. The memory of that saintly youth, whose example, faithfully pictured in this little volume, has led so many students to give to God the flower of their days, was then so reverenced and cherished, that the greatest mark of confidence and affection which the directors of the College could bestow on a deserving pupil, was to give him, at the opening of studies,

the place which Decalogne had occupied. This honor was conferred on the young Dubois, and so highly appreciated by him, that even in old age, when his silvery locks gave dignity to all his words, he could not mention it without tears of joy and gratitude. In the examples of his professors and of many among his fellow-students, he found encouragement to the practice of every virtue; yet in the same school, and on the same forms with this pious youth, were some, who were soon to reach a bad pre-eminence, and act a conspicuous part in the bloody tragedy which his country was preparing to exhibit to the astonished and affrighted world. There, side by side, you might have seen John Dubois and Camille Des Moulins, the frantic instigator of the savage and ferocious mobs of Paris! or stranger still, the meek, benevolent founder of Mt. St. Mary's and protector of St. Joseph's in contact with the most execrable monster that France gave birth to, even in the wild throes of her guilty revolution,—the bloodthirsty Robespierre! "I shall never forget," Mr. Dubois was wont to say to his collegiate pupils, "I shall never forget the looks and manners of him, who afterwards proved such a monster of ferocity: he was unsocial, solitary, gloomy: his head was restless, his eyes wandering, and he was a great tyrant towards his younger and weaker companions. I could literally apply to him," added this good old President, "the account which St. Gregory Nazienzen gives of his fellow-student at Athens, Julian, the apostate. We might even then exclaimed with this saint: 'What a monster our country is bringing up in this youth!'" Between such fellow-students there could be no community of feeling. The one "walked in the counsel of the ungodly and stood in the way of sinners and sat in the chair of pestilence:" the other centred his will in the law of God, and made it his delight to learn and keep its precepts and imbibe its spirit. The one became the bloody scourge of his country: the other, the benefactor of ours. The one spoke the language of philosophy and philanthrophy, and then filled France with widows and orphans: the other preached the gospel of charity, and dried the widow's tears, and gave mothers to the orphans. The instrument and emblem of the one was the guillotine: of the other, the Cross of Christ.

Of Mr. Dubois' success in his collegiate studies, I know little more than that he took the prize in Latin poetry, and among many useful acquisitions, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the noble Roman language, which he afterwards wrote with ease and elegance. His parents had destined him for the army, but his Father in Heaven called him to a more honorable service and a better warfare. Listening to the voice, which bade him "deny himself, and take up his cross and follow his Redeemer," (*Matth.* xvi. 24.) he resolved to consecrate himself entirely to God and entered on his ecclesiastical studies in the seminary of St. Magloire, under the direction of the Oratorians. Here his time was altogether devoted to the acquisition of that knowledge and the formation of those habits, which like the columns of a majestic temple, are at once the supports and ornaments of the priestly character. From this time forth, his delight was wholly in the law of God, and on it he meditated day and night. In this calm retreat he laid the solid foundations of that beautiful edifice of christian perfection, which all his life long it was his care to complete and adorn. Here he learned to regard himself as "a miserable sinner," the title, by which he loved to characterize himself in his confidential communications with his

pious friends.. Here he acquired that ardent zeal and patient self-denial which made him ever afterwards willing "to spend and be spent for souls, that he might gain them to Christ." (2 *Cor.* xii. 15.) Here he learned to live entirely by faith, that firm, unwavering faith, which does not deign to watch the flitting shadows of this life, but steadily contemplates those things, which, though invisible to the eye of flesh, are alone substantial and eternal. (2 *Cor.* iv. 18.) Here piety grew up and flourished in his soul, and his heart was turned entirely to God and received all the sweet influences of divine grace, as the flower opens its bosom to the morning sun and catches the nurturing dews of heaven. He found kindred spirits among his brother Seminarians, and with several of them contracted an intimate and lasting friendship;—with two particularly whom he esteemed and loved until they were called away before him to receive the crown of their labors,—the Abbé McCarthy, who after the revolution became the first pulpit orator of France, whose eloquence in recommending virtue was surpassed only by his fidelity in practising it, whose fame is a bright gem even in the diadem of the illustrious society of Jesus;—and Cardinal Cheverus,—the most beloved of pastors, the most amiable of men, who in Boston wrung the highest praise from bigotry itself.

Ordained priest before the canonical age, by a dispensation, on the 22d of September, in the year 1787, he first exercised the holy ministry in the parish of St. Sulpice, in his native city, and was one of the chaplains of a vast establishment in the Rue de Seve, in which the Sisters of Charity had the care of a large number of insane patients and destitute orphans. But the revolution had begun, and the clergy were among its first victims. The Archbishop of Paris, whose esteem and confidence were justly given to the young priest, had fled to Germany for shelter from the storm. The constitutional oaths, which could not be taken in conscience, were tendered and refused, and the firm independence of Mr. Dubois had rendered him especially obnoxious to the impious miscreants, who were grasping with bloody hands the powers of government. Like the great body of his clerical brethren, he preferred exile or death itself to any criminal compliance. Acquainted with the family of La Fayette, he obtained from him, not only a passport, but also letters of introduction to some of the leading men of the United States, and quitting Paris in disguise in May, 1791, he made his escape to Havre, accompanied by a trusty servant, and landed at Norfolk, in Virginia, in the following July. Bishop Carroll welcomed the faithful exile, and authorized him to exercise the functions of his holy ministry, first at Norfolk, and afterwards at Richmond. Recommended by General La Fayette to the Randolphs, Lees, and Beverleys, to James Monroe and Patrick Henry, he received the kindest and most respectful attentions from these distinguished statesmen and their numerous friends, and for want of a Catholic chapel, said mass in the *Capitol*, and there administered the sacraments to the few scattered Catholics, who could avail themselves of his ministry. This liberality, which even at the present day will appear astonishing, is still more surprising, when it is remembered that his immediate predecessor in the pastorship of Frederick, Father Frambach, was obliged to disguise himself when he visited the Catholics of Virginia, was in imminent danger the whole time, commonly on such occasions slept in the stable beside the beast that he rode, and once at least was so hotly pur-

sued, that had it not been for the fleetness of his horse, he would have been overtaken and killed before he reached the Potomac and found safety on the Maryland shore. Mr. Dubois supported himself by teaching French, while he was studying and making himself familiar with English; and he used to acknowledge himself indebted to the eloquent Patrick Henry for many friendly lessons in our language. Fully prepared to take an active part in all the duties of an American missionary, he was in 1794 called by Bishop Carroll to Frederick, in this State, from which Father Frambach had retired on account of his great age and infirmities. In this town he found but few Catholics: there were some scattered through Montgomery county; a few on the Maryland tract, including the family of Governor Lee, a recent convert to our holy faith,—a handful in this neighborhood, consisting of the families of its original settlers, and a few more in the village of Emmittsburg. Hagerstown required occasional attendance, and both Martinsburg and Winchester in Virginia were included in his regular missionary visits. In a word he was pastor of all western Maryland and Virginia, and for some time the only Catholic priest between the city of Baltimore, and the city of St. Louis. Some among my present hearers can yet remember, how the scattered members of his wide-spread flock, from distances of twenty, forty, even sixty miles, came into Frederick, on foot, on horseback, or in rustic wagons, on the eve of the Christmas or Easter solemnities, to have the happiness of assisting at the holy sacrifice and participating in the divine mysteries, celebrated with so much primitive simplicity and fervent piety in an upper room of their pastor's humble residence.

His labors for the salvation of souls were at this period immense. He had an iron constitution of body, and no man was ever more remarkable for energetic, persevering, indomitable resolution. He allowed himself no idle moments,—no respite from toil or relaxation after fatigue; —and it seemed to be his constant determination to compensate by his own personal exertions for all the disadvantages, under which the faithful, depending on his spiritual ministration, then labored. He was incessantly engaged in passing from station to station, hearing confessions, preaching the word of God, celebrating the divine mysteries, visiting the sick, comforting the afflicted, helping the distressed, edifying all by his good example, and infusing into the hearts of all a sincere love of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are modest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are amiable, whatsoever things are of good repute." (*Philip.* iv. 8.) Not content with his sermons and other instructions on Sundays and festivals, during the week he visited the retired farm-house, immediately summoned the children and servants to his presence, heard them repeat their catechism and recite their prayers, explained the mysteries of faith and their christian duties in such simple and familiar manner as suited their capacity, gave some mark of approbation to those who answered best, some gentle reproof most sweetly administered and mixed with much encouragement to the negligent, and a kind word and amiable look to all. By his extraordinary attention to the children he was sure to win the hearts of the parents. He thought the catechising of the young a more important matter than preaching to the grown, and he was afterwards most careful to impress this maxim on the ecclesiastics whom he trained up to the duties of the holy ministry, so many of whom have since

proved its correctness, and experienced its blessed results. Highly systematic in his labors, he regarded punctuality to his engagements as a duty paramount to every personal consideration. "The shepherd," he used to say, "must never disappoint his flock: it would cause their dispersion and ruin if he did." Hence, when he had once made an appointment, no matter what difficulties intervened, no matter how inclement the weather, how long the journey or how bad the roads, when the appointed hour came, Mr. Dubois was there. On one occasionn he had just arrived at Emmittsburg much fatigued on a Saturday afternoon, and was going to the confessional, when a distant sick-call came. Before leaving Emmittsburg. he directed the usual preparations to be made for the celebration of mass on Sunday, saying that he would be back in time. He returned to Frederick and thence proceeded to Montgomery county; administered the consolations of religion to the dying person, and after a journey of nearly fifty miles, after twice swimming his horse across the Monocacy,—the last time at the risk of his life,—for wearied nature caught a snatch of sleep, while the noble animal was breasting the angry stream,—he was again in the confessional at nine o'clock on Sunday, without having broken his fast, and sung mass and preached as usual at a late hour in the forenoon, with so little appearance of fatigue, that the majority of the congregation never even suspected that he had stirred abroad in the interval. Efforts nearly as great as this were by no means uncommon with him. There was no species of hardship, no inconvenience or discomfort which he did not cheerfully endure. For he knew how to turn all sufferings to good account. He was inflamed with zeal for the honor of God and salvation of souls, and choosing to be poor in this world, he was covetous of those riches which men too often neglect and despise: he was determined to lay up treasures in Heaven, where the thief cannot enter nor the moth consume. "Filled with the knowledge of God's holy will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding," he strove to "walk worthy of God, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God, strengthened with all might, according to the power of his glory, in all patience and long-suffering with joy; giving thanks to God the Father, who made him worthy to be a partaker of the lot of the saints. (*Col.* i. 9, 10, 11, 12.) Habituated to the elegant refinements of the most polished society in the world, he was, in the discharge of his pastoral duties, as much at home with the rude and illiterate, as if he had been brought up among them, and that without ever forgetting for a moment the sacred dignity of his character, or the true politeness of a christian gentleman. He was affable, familiar, kind, but paternal: "He made himself all to all, that he might win all to Christ." (1 *Cor.* ix,12) All the members of his flock looked up to him with filial affection and with filial respect. His influence, as the pastor, the friend, the father of all, was very great: among you, my brethren, in this rural parish, it was almost unbounded. You can bear witness, that it was exerted only to promote virtue and piety and domestic happiness and universal good will. Even in matters of a mixed nature, or which seemed to relate more to your temporal than to your spiritual welfare, how beneficial to you was that authority which his virtues conferred upon him. You can remember, how strenuously and effectually he labored to preserve among you a proper simplicity of manners; how firmly he set his face against the introduction of the frivo-

lous fashions, the follies and dissipations of the world; how vigorously he crushed the many-headed monster of extravagance. Which of you dared, while he was your pastor, to bring the trappings of worldly vanity into the house of God? Mild and amiable as he was, yet how severe was his rebuke of the silly affectation of wealth, the show without the substance of prosperity! He was not a lecturer on political economy, and he moved in a sphere far above the low and selfish strife of party politics; but in recommending always economy, frugality, and industry as virtues required in the christian, and in denouncing, as I have heard him do most unsparingly, the cancerous system of contracting debt without a clear foresight of the means of payment, he was inculcating the true policy both for your temporal and eternal interest. Nor was his influence confined to those who acknowledged him as their pastor. The upright Protestant referred his cause to him, as to one "clad with justice and who clothed himself with judgment as with a robe and a diadem." (*Job* xxix.) For "he was an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame and the father of the poor; and the cause which he knew not he searched out diligently: and he sat as a king with his army standing about him, and as a comforter of them that mourned." (*Job* xxix.)

Mr. Dubois had that bold and sanguine spirit which is required in the founder of important institutions or the leader in arduous enterprises, When he undertook to build the first Catholic church in Frederick, he no sooner exhibited his plans and an estimate of the expenses, than every body predicted that the undertaking must fail. "We all thought," to repeat the words of one of his parishioners, who now fills with honor the first judicial station in our government, "we all thought that the means could never be raised to pay for such a building, that the church would never be completed, and if it were completed, it would never be filled with Catholics." Mr. Dubois thought differently and he persevered. He built the church, paid for it, and lived not only to see it filled, but to celebrate the divine mysteries in that much more spacious and more splendid temple, which has been erected by his present worthy successor in the pastorship of that congregation. In like manner, when he spoke to the people of the great plan which he was revolving in his active mind, of establishing a college for the education of their children and the supply of the holy ministry, there were few, if any, who could enter into his views. Most persons listened with looks of surprise or smiles of incredulity, and some privately pronounced him crazy; and many a laugh and jeer went round, when, amid difficulties, which we can scarce conceive, he was bringing together, in the midst of a dense, miry, and almost inaccessible thicket, the rude materials of his first humble school-house. Need I now ask who was right—the bold, indefatigable, heaven-inspired projector, or the idle, short-sighted scoffers? After all, both were right. They took the natural view of things: he viewed the matter in the light of divine faith. They said: it is humanly impossible:—He said: this thing is indeed impossible with men, but it is not so with God. "He," to use the language of the psalmist, "He dwelt in the aid of the Most High; he was overshadowed by his shoulders, and in his wings he trusted." (*Psalm* xc.) Yet, while he trusted in the help of God, he labored, as if all depended on himself. It was a curious spectacle, to see this polished gentleman and dignified ecclesiastic sharing with the hardy sons of toil the roughest drudgery, to further his humble

improvements: following the ponderous wain over difficult and dangerous roads; cheering the woodman whose axe made the forest ring; plying the spade with hands more fit to wield the crosier, and presiding at the rural fete in honor of the successful raising of a log building, with manners that would have graced the saloons of his native city. But it was by such means that he commanded success, when another would have yielded to despair.

During the fourteen years that he resided at Frederick, he was accustomed to visit this neighborhood once a month, celebrating mass alternately at Emmittsburg and in the old chapel, which was but a room in the farm-house of the first settler here; for after the Protestant revolution in Maryland, a Catholic church could not be erected in the province. He had improved and decorated the little church in Emmittsburg, erected a short time before by a zealous priest from the "Island of Saints," liberally seconded by the few Catholics of that village. He had selected in the midst of a dense forest, a site of unrivalled grandeur and beauty, and on it reared, by immense personal exertions, the church, in which we are now assembled. The time had come, when his great project of establishing a College was to be carried into effect. A friendless foreigner, lisping "a language which he had not known," an exile flying from the sword of persecution, a penniless priest, undertakes alone to do that, which the authority and treasures of the State of Maryland have scarcely been able to accomplish. And, my brethren, he succeeds. By his own exertions, without one dollar of endowment or donation from the State, with no munificent grant, no rich bequest, nothing but his own energies and the help of God to rely on, he triumphs over every difficulty and succeeds beyond all expectation. Go back in fancy to the year 1809, when the first log building stood there below, with a very narrow clearing in front and the wild fox and wolf howling in the distance. Contrast that with the present state of things,—and look at the corresponding increase of blessings and advantages derived from the toils and struggles of Mr. Dubois, and then, if you can, refuse your tribute of gratitude to this distinguished benefactor to the cause of education, of charity, and of religion. Do you ask the reason of this wonderful success? Simply this, my brethren—the divine blessing prospering all his labors. Yes, "the finger of God was there:" (*Exod.* i. 19.) he was but the instrument of Him, who "chooses the foolish things of this world, that he may confound the wise, and the weak things of this world, that he may confound the strong;" "for that which is foolish of God is wiser than men, and that which is weakness of God, is stronger than men." (1 *Cor.* i.)

His primary object was to establish a Seminary for ecclesiastical education. The Catholic church in the United States was as yet almost entirely dependent on Europe for the education of its Missionaries. Bishop Carroll, consecrated to the See of Baltimore, which then comprised the entire Union, in the year 1790, immediately set himself about establishing a Seminary, and called from Europe those learned, pious, and venerable members of the Society of St. Sulpice, to whom our country at large and this diocese in particular, are so greatly indebted. Mr. Dubois wished to associate his labors with theirs, and for a time conducted his little institution, as a branch of the Sulpitian Seminary. But difficulties rather than advantages growing out of this union, the parties, who had a common object, though they might differ as to the means, agreed, like Paul and Barnabas, to go their several

ways in peace; and the divine blessing attended them both. It was most signally bestowed on Mr. Dubois' undertaking. From the little nursery, which he had planted by the mountain's side, he was soon able to present to his Bishop, as the first fruits of his zeal, several pious youths fully prepared for the study of theology and destined to shine among the ornaments of the sanctuary. Ere long he is surrounded by a crowd of aspirants to the holy ministry. The Queen of Sciences is enthroned at Mt. St. Mary's and counts a larger retinue of suitors here than in any other institution in our country. He is seconded by a brother priest from France, of spirit akin to his own,—a man, who united the most profound and varied learning to the highest genius, but whose genius and learning are surpassed by his piety and zeal,—need I name the saintly Bishop of Vincennes, the lamented Bruté, —the memory of whose virtues in the minds of all who knew him, is like a bank of fragrant flowers in Spring, whose character was truly "as a massy vessel of gold adorned with every precious stone." (*Eccles.* 1. 10.) Thus supported, he was able to supply the missions of our country with many pious and enlightened pastors, including a fair proportion of our present Hierarchy. Before he left Mt. St. Mary's, he could count more than forty priests, who were chiefly, if not entirely, indebted to him for their ecclesiastical education: and to him surely, if to any one, it was given to view with enviable feelings the progress of true religion in our country,—Episcopal sees created, churches and altars rising, and congregations springing up in every part of the land; as a watcher of the skies, when twilight fades away, sees at first but a few dim stars, then another and another shining forth, until the heavenly host by their number and brightness gladden his sight and illumine the vast firmament with their glory.

He was no less attentive to the education of those destined to secular pursuits. He selected the retired site of his college, then much more difficult of access than it is at present, partly from considerations of health and of the importance of a vigorous development of mind and body; but still more, as I have already intimated, in the hope of shutting out the demon of worldly dissipation and the seductions of vicious example. He knew, that piety is the safe-guard and ornament of every state of life, that "it has the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." (1 *Tim.* iii, 8.) He knew, that without piety there can be no solid virtue, religion being the only foundation, on which the moral edifice can be securely erected. He therefore made piety the basis of his system: and what he did for the education of boys at Mt. St. Mary's, he powerfully co-operated in doing for female education at St. Joseph's. Experience is daily proving, which is the right system—the worldly, or the christian one. The teachings of reason, of analogy, and of the law of God may not be despised with impunity. The young steed, that has been trained and disciplined, may fling his rider and rush madly to danger and destruction; yet he feels the old impression of the bit and will return to subjection: but the wild horse of the prairie—who will tame him? Who will curb his fiery neck? And who will subject to the yoke of the law of God, the spirit that has not known the early discipline of heavenly wisdom?

Knowing that the first fruits of life, even its opening buds and vernal flowers, are the most acceptable present to Heaven, he was peculiarly careful to secure the offering of the youthful heart to God. Who, that ever witnessed it, can forget his mode

of preparing children for their First Communion, and rendering the impressions of that happy day, on which they first opened their hearts to let the King of glory in, decisive of their destiny for life? What eye was tearless here, when the sweet voice of childhood's piety was heard reciting that beautiful act of atonement and of consecration of the soul to God, which he prepared for this interesting occasion? What heart so hardened, that it was not moved, when this venerable priest addressed his simple, pious, persuasive exhortations to his children, who with angelic countenances listened to his words, as they would have listened to the voice of an angel, and, like little angels themselves, knelt before the table of the Lord, that they might receive the bread of angels from his hands? Oh! you may find a sinner hardened in guilt, apparently insensible to every motive of virtue, and dead to every feeling of piety; but, if he made his first communion at Mt. St. Mary's under the direction of Mr. Dubois, be assured, that there is yet one chord in his heart, which will vibrate to the touch of religion. Speak to him of that happy day: remind him of the pure joys he then experienced and the vows he then made to Heaven from an innocent heart,—and you will see the tear-drop starting in his eye, and you will justly hope, that he may yet prove the returning Prodigal and give joy to Heaven by his conversion.

Anxious to neglect no means of of inspiring and preserving youthful piety, he was particularly eager to infuse into the young breast his own tender devotion to the Mother of God. To *her* he dedicated his Church, his College, and his Seminary. The hill, the spring, the woods,—everything around him was sacred to Mary. To *her* honor, his labors and his life were devoted:—and beautiful were the lessons which he taught us by word and example, of respect for the exalted virtues and prerogatives of our Most Blessed Lady,—of love for this purest, and most tender of mothers, of confidence in the intercession of our most powerful advocate and protectress. Oh, Mary! spotless Queen of Heaven! most gracious patroness of our Mount! may we never cease to practise his admirable instructions.

He spared no pains to give the youths entrusted to his care all the literary and scientific advantages, which his means enabled him to compass. To exhibit all that he did for this end, would be to relate the early history of the institution, which he founded. I will only remark, that amid his other duties, however numerous and burthensome, he found time to teach not a little himself. Sole pastor of this congregation, chief pastor of Emmittsburg, Confessor or Superior of St. Joseph's and sometimes both at once, President, Procurator, and Treasurer of the College, building, gardening, farming, directing great improvements and projecting new ones, giving a personal attention to everything,—he was yet teaching daily a class of Latin, and sometimes one, sometimes two of French, and in the absence of Mr. Bruté filling the chair of Theology. He was the life and soul of the establishment, over which he presided —holding with a firm hand the reins of discipline, approving the best, encouraging the good, urging the tepid, and spurring or correcting the indolent or the unruly,—as a mild, but watchful and determined father in the midst of a numerous family, governing each and extending equal care and affection to all.

And while his own immediate family seemed to engross his time and toil, there was another widespread family, looking up to him, on a hundred different occasions, as their common Father. You, my

brethren of the congregation, did not pronounce an unmeaning word, when you gave him that respectful and endearing name. Not only was he your spiritual director, into whose sympathetic bosom you could pour the sorrows of a repentant soul; but which of you was in trouble, that did not come to him for consolation? Which of you in want, that did not apply to him for relief? Where was the afflicted father or heart-broken mother, that did not call on him to reclaim the ungrateful, wandering child? If servants were unruly, did not the master refer them to him? If the master was hard-hearted, to whom could the servant go for redress, if not to the pastor, the father of all, in whose kind and charitable heart there was no respect of persons, no regard to fortune or to color—all alike were his children,—and while he pointed out to each the duties of his station and required him to do them, what other desire had he, than to lead all alike to Heaven, and on the great accounting day, to present you all, not one soul missing from your number, to his and your heavenly Father,—able to say: "Lo here am I, and the children whom thou gavest me!"

Time will not permit me, my brethren, to speak to you as I would wish of his large instrumentality in establishing in this country the admirable society of the *Sisters of Charity*. He was, as I have heard Mr. Bruté express it,—"The true father of that Institution from the beginning." When Mother Seaton first came to this neighborhood, he gave her a home upon this very hill. He freely shared his limited means with them: he supported them, when other support they had none. He was their Confessor and Director during the first years of their existence as a Society. To him Archbishop Carroll entrusted all that related to them. He instructed, trained, directed, formed them all. He initiated them into the practice of the rules laid down by St. Vincent of Paul. He consoled, encouraged, and sustained them amid trials and difficulties, which would have shaken souls less generous than theirs or his, —and from the scanty stores of his own poverty he supplied them with bread, when but for him, they had no alternative but to abandon their undertaking and disperse, or to perish for want of food. Tell me not, my friends, of heroism on the battle-field: tell me not of that wonderful man, who at this very time was leading half a million of slavish followers to the cannon's mouth and exercising such a strange ascendency over their maddened minds, that, while blood was spouting from their death-wounds, they would stifle the groans of agony and summon all their remaining breath to shout "Long live the Emperor!" There was more true heroism then exhibited in St. Joseph's vale, when this man of God, had taught that delicately reared and softly nurtured mother and her little band of resolute associates, to suffer without complaint day after day and month after month the gnawing pains of hunger, confident, that He who feeds the ravens, would not forget them, and in the hope, that they might yet grow up into a community and one day be able themselves to feed the hungry, to rear the forsaken orphan, to nurse the destitute sick, to throw themselves like tutelary angels between the raging pestilence and its trembling victims. That hope has been realized! Yes, departed benefactors of the poor!—Dubois! Seaton! thousands of orphans, rescued from want and misery and death or worse than death, have raised their grateful hands to Heaven imploring blessings on you—a thousand orphans will this night remember you in their prayers!

I have spoken of the rude begin-

nings of Mt. St. Mary's College. In a few years the scene had changed, as if by magic. The thicket was cleared; the stumps of trees removed; the grounds enclosed and broken into terraces. The water, "taught a better course," flowed through artificial channels to the spot where it was needed: the garden bloomed with flowers and presented to the eye the fruits of many climes: there were shady walks along the mountain's side or on the margin of the murmuring brook: the rude arbor, the moss-grown rock, the rippling stream, the wild notes of warbling birds, allured the lover of books, and, with the grand and beautiful and hallowed scenes around, converted him into a lover of nature and of God. The adjacent village had largely improved: the neighborhood was gladdened with signs of increasing prosperity. The two institutions, the Seminary and Sisterhood, like brother and sister had grown up together, or, sister-like, the latter was maturing the faster. Scholars had gone forth from both mountain and valley to tell their friends, what beautiful things were adoing in a wild sequestered spot by the foot of the Blue Ridge mountain. A noble edifice, the fruit of so many years' unparallelled exertions, was on the point of completion, and a hundred youthful students were ready to occupy it. The feast of Pentecost, on the sixth day of June, 1824, came and passed away. The last rays of a bright sun, ere it set behind St. Mary's Mount, had gilded the cross, which rose from the cupola of this majestic structure. When that sun again appeared in the east, it threw its cheerless beams on blackened walls and smouldering ruins. Startled by alarming cries, at the dead of night, from the tranquil slumbers which visit the good man, at the close of a well spent day, Mr. Dubois beheld at a glance the ruin of his hopes. What, think you, my friends, were the first words, that escaped his venerable lips? Did he impeach the justice of Heaven? Did he call down vengeance on the head of the cruel incendiary? Ah! it was a beautiful sight to see, even by the light of a disastrous conflagration,—that good old man, heart-broken, as you may suppose, arming himself deliberately with the sign of the cross, meekly bowing his head in token of submission, and exclaiming with patient Job: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." (*Job* i. 21.) His spirit quailed not through that dreadful night. His characteristic fortitude did not forsake him. Conquering the agonies of despair, he calmly gave directions or observed in silent grief the progress of destruction. Soon he pointed out some defects in the plan of the flaming edifice, *which he would remedy in the next;*—and this too, though the snows of sixty winters had whitened his head, and he had gone beyond his present means in erecting the building, which was destroyed. And again he realized his prediction. He had the public confidence and sympathy. God prospered all his labors; and a new College arose, like the fabled Phœnix, from the ashes of its predecessor. He not only finished it, though he remained but two years longer here, but he also presided over the erection of a still more spacious academy at St. Joseph's.

He was then called to the vacant Bishopric of New-York. It was hard to leave his dear mountain and beautiful valley,—to tear himself away from the spot, which he had found a wilderness and made a paradise. It was hard to enter on new and untried fields of labor, when declining years and increasing infirmities entitled him rather to seek repose amid the beautiful creations of his own religious zeal and charity. But he was never known to shrink from

toil or hardship, and he bowed to the decision of that authority, which forms the very keystone of the grand arch of Catholic Unity. He was consecrated to the See of New-York in the autumn of 1826. His career as a Bishop was one of unostentatious, but active and untiring benevolence. He visited frequently every portion of the vineyard entrusted to his care. He was a kind father to his clergy, a friend and benefactor to the poor, a pastor full of solicitude to supply abundantly the spiritual wants of his extensive diocese. He won the hearts of many by his paternal kindness and the charm of his engaging manners. He edified all by the regularity of his pious conduct, his pure disinterestedness, his charity and fervent devotion. Many obstacles he had to encounter; but he overcame them by patient meekness and unconquerable resolution. And if this good prelate was forced to witness scenes, which wounded his paternal heart; he also saw much, when he looked over his great field of labor, to console and gratify him—new congregations arising, religion continually advancing, institutions of charity multiplying around him, —the co-operation of many zealous laborers in the Vineyard, and, among them, of gifted and exemplary priests, whom he himself had educated. He saw Sisters of Charity, whom he himself had trained, laboring in their angelic vocation in the asylum, in the school-room, in the hospital. He saw continually some hundreds of orphan children, to whom he had been a provident benefactor: and this good and holy Bishop, though far from his native country and kindred, was encircled by a numerous, devoted, and affectionate family, depending on his spiritual care, looking up to him for counsel and direction, and imploring the divine goodness to scatter blessings on his path and prolong and brighten the evening of his days. When the charge of his great and populous diocese had become too weighty for his shoulders bent by age and weakened by infirmities, he sought a coadjutor among his children of the Mountain, and placed the heavy burthen on shoulders that are able to bear it. There too he had erected a College for ecclesiastical and secular education, and seen it ruined by devouring flames. Yet he lived to behold his fond hope realized in the establishment of an institution founded on the plan, governed by the rules, and directed by the children of Mount St. Mary's.

Which of you, my brethren, will ever forget the scenes, which you witnessed, when Mr. Dubois re-visited the spots ever dearest to his heart, the Mountain and Valley? How did the whole population of the country around pour forth to welcome their benefactor and to ask a Father's blessing from him! It was, as if a patriot hero were returning in triumph to his country delivered by his arms. When he was last among you, during the summer that is passed, you saw indeed but the wrecks of that vigorous constitution, that unbending will, that noble resolution to do good to men and promote the glory of God, which, in his better day, appeared in his firm step, his erect bearing, his quick commanding eye, his countenance stamped with energy and firmness, yet beaming with benevolence; but you still recognized and were delighted to behold that paternal look and gracious smile, that desire to make every one happy, that prompt politeness and amiable manner, which made him at all times the perfect model of a christian gentleman; and you were edified too to observe the lamp of charity burning brightly to the last and throwing its rays on that humble piety and tender devotion, which ever marked his character.

I find that character, my brethren, briefly, but accurately sketched on

the page of sacred Scripture. It is in the description of the just man conducted by heavenly wisdom,—"Wisdom hath delivered from sorrow them that attend upon her. She conducted the just, when he fled from his brother's wrath, through right ways; and showed him the kingdom of God and gave him the knowledge of holy things; made him honorable in his labors and accomplished his labors." (*Wisdom* x. 9, 10.) Yes, this divine guide delivered him from all his dangers and trials and sorrows, and turned them all into occasions of merit; led him by the hand, when he fled from the wrath of his impious brethren, who in the name of reason and philanthropy established the reign of Atheism and terror; opened to his view the kingdom of God, by making known his holy will and choosing him to be the interpreter of his oracles and "dispenser of his mysteries;" employed him in the most useful, the most charitable, the most honorable labors—in labors, which will cover him with fame and glory and benediction for all eternity; and brought all his labors, no matter how arduous or unpromising, brought them all to a happy issue and crowned them with complete success.

Need I tell you, that such a life was closed by a tranquil and happy death? Patient, resigned, and devout to the end,—the last object, that caught his eager gaze, was the sign, under which he "had fought the good fight" and won his victories,—the image of his crucified Redeemer; the last words, that trembled on his lips, were the holy names, which in infancy a pious mother had taught him to lisp,—Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! As ripe and mellow fruit falls in due season to the ground; as the flower hangs its head and droops and dies; as the sun at evening's close sinks calmly into Ocean's bed, leaving tracks of glory behind: so did he quit this earthly scene, without a struggle and without a sigh,—with a prayer on his lips and a sweet hope of heavenly rest in his heart, and a sweet thought of the mercy of Jesus, whom he had loved and served all his life, hovering like an angel over his departing spirit.

He has gone, we trust, to that blest place, where many souls saved by his ministry joyously awaited his coming. Shall we accompany him thither? Shall we dispel those fears, which ever qualify our strongest assurance, and follow him to "the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and the company of many thousand angels, and to God the Judge of all and to the spirits of the just made perfect?" (*Heb.* xii. 22, 23.) Shall we fancy the rapturous greetings given by his numerous children in Christ to their welcome father, and attempt to conceive the reunion in bliss and glory and in the bosom of their Saviour of the kindred spirits of a Dubois, a Bruté, and a Seaton! But, no: it is not given to us to lift the veil, which hides from mortal eyes the mansions of the blest. We are not privileged, as was the valiant Machabeus, when in heavenly vision he beheld the high priest Onias, "a good and virtuous man, modest in his looks, gentle in his manners and graceful in his speech, and exercised from a child in all virtues, holding up his hands" before the throne of God, "and praying for all the people." (2 *Machab.* xv. 12.) We rather pray for him: we offer to God for him the Lamb that was slain to take away our sins; because perhaps he may need the assistance of our prayers and sacrifices, and if we need them, he is most clearly entitled to our grateful remembrance before the altar of God; and because, whatever the case may be, the charity, which wishes to help a suffering soul, will not go unrewarded. He is entitled to our gratitude; for though he died, as he had lived,—poor in the goods

of this world, rich only in spiritual gifts and graces,—though he left no earthly property or wealth to be divided; yet has he bequeathed to us a precious inheritance, a legacy of inestimable value, to make us bless his memory and be mindful of him in our prayers. He has left us our College and Seminary. He has left you this church and all the blessings of a constant pastoral attendance. He has left bishops to the church, pastors to the faithful, instructors to the ignorant, mothers to the orphans, sisters, kind, devoted sisters to all that need the ministering hand of charity. Can any honor, that christians may pay to the departed, be too great for such a benefactor? And if all the world beside forget him, will Mt. St. Mary's be ungrateful to his memory? God forbid, my brethren, that we should merit such a reproach! But he has left us something more—the beautiful example of his virtues. To you most particularly this rich inheritance belongs. For thirty-two years he was your pastor; for eighteen years he lived in the midst of you, the pattern, as well as the leader of his flock. For if he showed you the road to Heaven, he also led the way: he was always "as the eagle enticing her young to fly and hovering over them." (*Deut.* xxxii. 11.) Remember therefore his virtuous conversation, and take to heart the lesson which his life conveys. Shun the counsels of the ungodly; walk not in the ways of sinners, and never sit in the chair of pestilent impiety, blaspheming what you do not understand and with silly weakness scoffing at the wisdom of your Creator. But give your heart to the law of God: meditate thereon by day and by night: seek his will, to know and do it. Clinging with devoted loyalty to the old, hereditary faith of christendom, show forth in your lives the spirit which has animated, and the virtues which have adorned in every age the saints and heroes of the church. "Remember," according to the advice of the Holy Ghost, "Remember your prelates, who have spoken to you the word of God, and considering well the end of their conversation, imitate their faith." (*Heb.* xiii. 7.) If you imitate the faith of Mr. Dubois, his lively, active, generous faith; you will imitate all his virtues. You will imitate his zeal, his charity, his humility and self-denial, his ardent piety, his spirit of continual prayer. And you too shall be "like the tree, which is planted near the running waters: you shall bring forth fruit in due season; your leaf shall not fall off,—and all things, whatsoever you do, shall prosper:" for whatever may be your lot in this life, everything which you shall do in the state of grace and for the love of God, will add a gem to the crown, with which "the Prince of Pastors" will wreath your brows in Heaven.

FOR EASTER.

REJOICE, rejoice!
Let shouts of triumph tell our gladness!
Let joy's loud voice
Proclaim us free from death and sadness.
Our God has saved and set us free,
Our God is risen in victory!

Then hail our king!
His reign is come, his foes are vanished:
Rejoice and sing! [ished.
From heaven's bright realm no longer ban-
Our God is risen, and we shall rise,
And join his kingdom in the skies.

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

SABBATO.—AT LAUDS.

Aurora jam spargit polum, etc.

I.

Aurora dawning round the poles,
Sheds down on Earth the light of day;
The brightening beams reflected glow,
And doubtful twilight fades away.

II.

Let Guilt that haunts the troubled mind,
Amid the phantasies of Night,
And all Iniquity that lurks
In Darkness, now be put to flight.

III.

And what with morning's earliest glow
In suppliant prayer we seek to gain,
That, 'mid the blessed light that shines
Upon our choirs, may we obtain.

IV.

Glory to God, the Father's name,
And to the Son, for ever be,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Now and through all Eternity.

DOMINCA.—AT VESPERS.

Lucis Creator optime, etc.

I.

Supreme Creator of the Light,
By whose command the day-beams rise;
Who, at the world's primeval birth,
Didst ope the fountains of the skies.

II.

And, wedding Morning with the Even,
Didst blend them in the name of Day:
Black Chaos shrinking from the scene,
Oh! hear us, as we sigh and pray.

III.

Let not our minds, with crime oppress'd,
Be exiled from the gift of life:
May all our thoughts to heaven ascend,
Secure from guilt and earthly strife.

IV.

Oh! let them knock at heaven's bright gate,
And there a fadeless guerdon find:
And while we fly from sin afar,
May all that's bad be left behind.

V.

This boon, eternal Father, grant,
Who, with thy well-beloved Son
And with the Holy Paraclete,
For ever reignest three in ONE.

FERIA SECUNDA.—AT VESPERS.

Immense Cœli Conditor.

I.

Eternal Architect of Heaven,
Who, lest the elements confused should be,
Didst mark the horizon, as a boundary given
To the unfathomed sea.

II.

The firmament is fixed on high,
And streams meander through the earth [below,
Which, as refreshingly they gurgle by,
Temper the sun-beams glow.

III.

Oh! graciously thy aid impart,
Lest the primeval error of our race
Be strengthened by some new infernal art,
And render void thy grace.

IV.

Let Faith around its pure light fling,
And make it shine out with serenest ray,
That treading to the earth each transient [thing,
We be not lured astray.

V.

Hear, we implore thee, kindly hear,
Eternal Father, and thou only Son,
And thou, most holy Paraclete, our prayer,
Who reignest three in one.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

VOLTAIRE'S LIFE, LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND MORAL.

BY M. LEPAN.

VOLTAIRE went from thence (Colmar) to Lyons, where he met with a kind reception from a few, while the majority received him coldly; this indifference is to be attributed to the circumstance of the "Maid of Orleans" having just been published. It was issued at the time that Madame Denis was soliciting permission for the return of her uncle, and Collini himself acknowledges that this was the principal cause of the refusal she met with. If we are to give credence to Collini, this poem was only intended for the author's private amusement. A so-called philosopher has said that Voltaire had not ripened the public *taste* sufficiently by his former works, to allow of the publication of the "Maid of Orleans" with impunity. It was sold in manuscript, it was read in the literary circles, and manuscript copies were sold as high as a louis. Whatever may have been the destination of this production, it assuredly deserved the animadversion of the court and of all friends of sound morality. The author wrote to the Count d'Argental, May 24, 1755, "This work, such as I penned it more than twenty years since, is now a sad contrast to my profession and my age, and as now circulating it is horrible at any age." He wrote to the same on the 14th November of the same year: "The publication of the manuscript bearing the title of 'The Maid of Orleans,' with which Europe is flooded, is a very great misfortune. A modest disavowal, is the only palliative I can oppose to an evil now without remedy. I am so ashamed that those indecent jokes are revived at my age, that the mountains do not appear to me as containing a sufficient number of caverns wherein I could conceal myself."

He left Lyons on the 21st December and reached Geneva the following day. The city gates were closed but they were opened when Voltaire's name was mentioned. He remained three or four days at the hotel, whence he removed to the Castle of Prangin in the Canton de Vaud, the proprietor of which had kindly tendered him an invitation to reside at the Castle. Voltaire was desirous of purchasing a large estate, and in the meantime he hired the country-seat called Montrion, [situated near Lausanne. Shortly after this he purchased a beautiful domain, one league distant from Geneva, upon the Genevese territory, which bore the name of "Sur St. John," but which he changed to that of "Delights," a most appropriate designation, for its picturesque situation and splendid gardens abundantly deserved this appellation. It was purchased from a Genevan magistrate on these conditions: viz., Voltaire was to pay for the life use of the property, eighty-seven thousand livres, and was to receive thirty-eight thousand livres, if he should deem it proper to cancel the bargain. This was his residence during the summer, in winter he re-

turned to Montrion. He lived in great style at the "Delights," his table was abundantly supplied, although he scarcely ever made his appearance except at supper—his equipages were very elegant. He had a theatre erected, but the Genevese exclaimed against this novelty, and he was obliged to content himself with a moveable one, where his pieces were performed by stealth. His occupations were interrupted by the disagreeable intelligence, that an edition of the "Maid of Orleans" was about being published at Paris, with alterations and additions; and also an edition of the "Campaigns of Louis XV., or Memoirs of the war of 1741."

A young Genevese named Grasset called upon Voltaire and told him that he knew of a copy of the "Maid of Orleans," which was to be sold for fifty livres. Voltaire promised the sum, and asked to see the additional stanzas, Grasset immediately exhibited them. Voltaire was under the impression that the young man had the work in his pocket, and taking him by the throat, he demanded the copy and screamed out, "Wretch return, oh! return me that infamous 'Maid of Orleans,' or I will strangle you." Grasset, however, managed to disengage himself from Voltaire's grasp and fled. Our philosopher called for his carriage and started immediately for Geneva, where he entered a complaint against Grasset, and caused him to be imprisoned.* Voltaire wrote to the Duke de Richelieu on the 31st July, 1755: "But the manuscript was not found;" and after writing the above to the Duke de Richelieu, he informed his niece that it was torn and burnt;† and to the Count d'Argental he stated that Grasset had gone away with that infamous MSS.* Here is the same circumstance, of which we find three different versions; if Voltaire wrote of what happened to himself in this style, we may judge how he would write of others. Besides he had a decided propensity to deviate from the truth, his principle being that "an untruth being a vice only when it causes injury."†

Were a maxim of this kind to be adopted where would the liar stop? Could he not always assert that the untruth he utters is harmless? For instance, Voltaire, who was probably the greatest deviator from the truth ever known, since it is a matter of fact, that the different Histories he composed, as well as his "Philosophical Dictionary," the "Philosophy of History," and all his polemical works are filled with false quotations, Voltaire, we say, could say that his falsehoods have occasioned no mischief, he could even go so far as to pretend that they have been productive of good in the end he proposed himself, which was to inspire hatred against the Christian religion.

We have just stated that the historical works of Voltaire are replete with falsehood; he himself even admitted how little he cared to have the truth in his works, as an evidence of this we will cite the following written by him to a female friend in 1766: "I give up to the Benedictines that criticism and research which the learned world requires from the historian, it is enough for me if I charm and interest the reader, and besides my physician's opinion is that my mind must perspire as well as my body, and as soon as I have induced this perspiration by my coffee, I hasten to communicate its results to my friends, the French, who require more stories than histories."

* See Duvernet's "Life of Voltaire."

† Letter to Madame Desfontaines, Aug. 15, 1755.

* Aug. 29, 1755.

† Voltaire's Letter to Thiriot, Oct. 21, 1736.

He also said to the Abbé Guénée, when at a loss what to reply, "Abbé, it is very important for me to be read, but very little to be believed." We read in his general history that "The French Crusaders, having taken Constantinople, ravaged everywhere, plundered the temple of St. Sophia, and afterwards danced in the sanctuary of the same temple with abandoned women." The Abbé Vély wrote to him, inquiring where he he had discovered this curious piece of information. "What matters it," said the philosopher, "whether the anecdote be true or false; when one writes for the public amusement, is it necessary to be so scrupulous as to say nothing but the truth?"

Collini having indirectly given offence to Madame Denis was obliged to leave Voltaire's house, the 6th June, 1756. However, his old employer kept up a correspondence with him until his death. Collini became the historian and secretary of his Serene Highness the Elector Charles Theodore.

At the close of 1757 Voltaire purchased a beautiful house at Lausanne, this house had fifteen front windows, from his bed our author enjoyed a view of fifteen leagues in extent on Lake Leman, besides Savoy and the Alps. As this was intended for his winter residence, he gave up Montrion the ensuing year. It was his taste for theatricals more than any other consideration which induced him to remove to Lausanne. He wrote to Thiriot, "Comedy is so well performed at Lausanne, its society is so good, that I have purchased a fine house at the extremity of the city." On one occasion when witnessing the performance of "Alzira" at the Montrepas theatre at Lausanne, he rushed upon the stage and embraced the knees of an actress, who had performed her part to his satisfaction. "Is it really me who composed those verses," he said another day, melting into tears at a performance of "Tancred."*

When the attempt of Damiens upon the life of Louis XV., occurred on the fifth of January, 1757, the leader of the new philosophy asked of the Count d'Argental, "how can I justify myself for having asserted that these horrid deeds would not happen again, that the time of fanaticism had gone by and that reason and mildness reigned in France."† What would he have said and how much more difficult it would have been to "justify" himself, had he lived in 1793? What atrocities would he not have witnessed! Perhaps then he might have seen the danger of his system, and that the destruction of what he termed fanaticism, had brought forth a fanaticism far more active and far more cruel in its results. For it is not to be doubted that the destruction of religion, or to speak more correctly, the weakening of it (for its destruction must be acknowledged as impossible) and of morals, gave rise to a fanaticism of liberty which disturbed France at that period and agitated the whole of Europe—Voltaire himself would have been terrified with the consequences of his principles could he have foreseen their baneful effects.

Voltaire felt displeased at the obstacles thrown in the way of the publication of certain articles in the "Encyclopedia," he therefore wrote to Diderot that it would be better for him to interrupt the work, and recommending that he should not resume the editorship thereof, until he should be untrammelled in the publication. The editor, who probably did not feel disposed to follow the advice, returned no answer to this epistle. The leader of philosophy was offended by

* "Voltaire's Literary History," by the Marquis de Luchet.

† Letter to Count d'Argental, Jan. 20, 1757.

this silence and complained of it to the Count d'Argental in a letter which shows to what extent he could preach insurbordination to the legal authorities.

Revenge was one of Voltaire's predominant passions. The formation of the league between France, Russia, Sweden, Austria, and Saxony against Prussia, in the beginning of 1757, led the ex-chamberlain to hope that the affront he had received at Frankfort might be avenged. "A time may come," he wrote to Collini the 29th July, 1757, "when the Freytags and the Schmidts will be made to disgorge their plunder: you would not be a loser by it." The 13th September previous, he had written to the Count d'Argental, that "Madame Denis hopes that twenty-four thousand Frenchmen will soon pass through Frankfort. She says that she will commend to their special notice, one Mr. Freytag, the agent of the Solomon of the North,* who sometimes presumes so far as to send soldiers with drawn bayonets into a lady's room. I wish that the Marshal de Richelieu (Voltaire's friend) would command that army. I do not wish to have a very bloody scene, provided the good Mr. Freytag be hung." He took no other interest in that war, "If Frederick is always happy and glorious it will justify my old fancy for him, if he is beaten I shall be avenged."†

Five years had now elapsed since Voltaire's departure from Potsdam, and scarcely ten months had gone by since he had again resumed his correspondence with Frederick through the medium of the Lady Margravine of Bareith; when Frederick addressed a satirical ode to the Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick after the battle of Crevelt, which was won by the Prince against the French. In this production, Louis XV., Madame de Pompadour, and the French nation were insulted. The Prussian King had the imprudence to send it to Voltaire, with a request that he would by no means allow it to be copied. In order to re-assure Frederick, our author hastened to inform him that the ode had been burned by Madame Denis,* instead of which he sent it to the Duke of Choiseul who gave it to Louis XV. Louis desired the Duke to send for Palissot, and requested him to compose an answer to Frederick's ode which would discourage him from making it public. Palissot who was the author of the "Dunciad" wrote an ode of twenty stanzas, which was forwarded to the King of Prussia, with the threat that if he gave publicity to his ode the answer would be printed. It is probable that this circumstance tended to prolong the war.

So anxious was Voltaire to satiate his revenge, that he thought it too tedious to wait the issue of the war, he therefore invented a machine, which, after the invention of gunpowder, he considered as the most certain medium of ensuring success to an army. By means of this machine, together with six hundred men and the same number of horses, a body of ten thousand men might at once be destroyed. Monsieur d'Argenson caused a model to be made of this new engine of war from Voltaire's design. The philosopher wrote to the Duke de Richelieu on the 18th June, 1757, "Try, just try, a couple of these machines against a batallion or a squadron, I will wager my life that they will not stand it." Providentially, however, the Duke did not adopt this murderous advice although it emanated from the Coryphœus of modern philosophy and the incessant advocate of humanity. We read in Condor-

* Frederick,

† Letter to the Count d'Argental, Nov. 1, 1756.

* Letter of Voltaire to Frederick, May 19, 1759.

cet's life of Voltaire the following strange paragraph: "He may be mentioned among that small number of men, for whom the love of mankind was a *real passion!*"

The following year the Prince de Soubise commanded the French army and directed his march upon Frankfort: Voltaire thought this a favorable opportunity, he therefore wrote to Collini, who was yet at Strasburg, requesting him to present a memorial to the Prince, in order to obtain redress from the authorities of Frankfort for the loss sustained by Freytag's treatment of him. In case the authorities refused to grant this request the petition was to be brought before the *Aulic* council. As Voltaire did not deem Collini's memorial sufficiently strong, he penned one himself and sent it to Collini with the copy of the letter he wished him to write to the Prince. But the former Secretary had the good sense not to make any use of either of these documents, it even appears that he wished to relinquish all farther proceedings in this matter

As to Voltaire, he did not, as we have already stated, feel disposed to make his companion a loser by the affair. In accordance with this intention he addressed the following to Collini, on the 2d February, 1759:—"It is certain that a man who has taken the effects and trunks of a traveller, without taking an inventory thereof and without legal form, is bound to return all that is asked of him." On the 11th July, 1760, he wrote to the same, "Send me a document couched as follows:—I hereby empower Monsieur de Voltaire to repeat for me before the proper authority, that the sum of *two thousand ecus* was taken from me at Frankfort-on-the-Mayne, on the 20th June, 1753, when I was arrested by the town soldiers with Monsieur de Voltaire and Madame Denis contrary to the law of nations." Yet all that Collini had said, was, that he had lost all his *ready money*, it is also probable that as he had been Voltaire's secretary for a year only he did not have such a sum about his person, besides he would not have thought so little of so heavy a loss. What are we to think of the repetition of his statement, which Voltaire wished to make, alleging that a man in Schmidt's place was obliged to refund *all that should be asked of him?* The events of the military campaign were in opposition to the laudable projects of our philosopher, witness the following, dated 29th December, 1760:—"I shall die with the regret that our affair at Frankfort has not yet been settled." This occurrence still haunted his mind two years subsequent to the letter just quoted, as is evident from his letter to Collini, 20th January, 1762: "I never lose sight of the Frankfort business, I do not despair of obtaining much from the Russians. The Schmidts and the Freytags will at length find that there is a Providence; I will assist that Providence a little, if I only have the strength to undertake a journey."

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

SACRED MELODIES.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

NO. III.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW.

Judges, chap. xi., *v.* 30—33.

Oh! who are yon maidens, so lovely and pale,
The voice of whose anguish is loud on the gale?
For whom falls the tear o'er the fire of those eyes—
For whom is the bosom uplifted with sighs?

Oh! they are the daughters of Israel's pride,
And they weep for the maid who has shone by their side,
Who came with the timbrel, the song, and the dance,
And was glad in the triumph of Israel's lance.

For the children of Ammon were scatter'd in fight,
As the leaves of the wood in the hurricane's might,
The cities were shaken and filled with their dead,
And the plain of the vine with the carnage was red.

Now Jephthah to Heaven had uttered a vow,
That, if Israel's triumph should laurel his brow,
The first he should meet at his door he would yield
As an offering to HIM who had guided the field.

He came back in triumph and transport, and they
Who had scorn'd him were first in his brilliant array;
To Mizpeh he came and the timbrel and dance
Went forth with his people to hail his advance.

But whom met he first of the many that smil'd?
His daughter! his only, his beautiful child!
And his garments he rent and his bosom he gor'd,
For the victim he promis'd was she he ador'd.

But the promise was made to the Godhead of truth,
And his daughter, though yet in her beauty and youth,
In gladness the path of the sacrifice trod,
An offering laid on the altar of God.

Oh! thus may no fetter, though flowering it be,
Thou tearful existence attach us to thee;
Be the courage of Jephthah the guide of our mind,
And our feelings forgot for the good of our kind.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

HORÆ VAGABUNDÆ.—OR, HOURS OF TRAVEL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.

Oh! for the pen of a Goldsmith, or a Shenstone, to describe the country school house which we are now passing, on the banks of a little creek, at the bend of a rough road leading up a tiresome ascent. It is just where it ought to be. In a retired nook, at the foot of two hills, at the junction of the passes, and so hidden that you can see nothing of it, until you are at the very door. And when it breaks upon your eye, what is it? an humble shrine of Minerva, in truth!—a mud hut, thatched with straw, with one very small aperture which is dignified with the name of window, and the door, hanging upon one hinge, the other broken, wide open.

The road being very rugged (it is a cross-road, and but seldom travelled by carriages, but which shortened our distance among the mountains) we quitted the vehicle, and were plodding our way leisurely along, when a queer-looking, but smart and active little fellow, with a hat too small for his head, which, however, maintained its position with all becoming importance, clad in an antiquated overcoat, with grey stockings, darted out of the smoky room with a birch, which Attila, the Goth, regarded as unworthy a bold people, under his arm. *He who feareth the ferula*, said that scourge of Europe, *will tremble before the sword.* But Attila was a barbarian—and the object he had in view was to prevent the spread of education and enlightenment, by propagating a maxim which destroyed the occupation of, at least, a rustic schoolmaster.

In the present case, I do not think there was much danger of the little urchins growing up in terror of the sword—for it was quite evident, that they had not much dread of the rod of their teacher. For, they seemed to have him, in great measure, under subjection; although, after taking a drop too much (before he became teetotaller) he would deal that instrument around with indiscriminate violence, beating the stools, and the table, and inflicting blows in all directions—ineffectual, indeed, for the boys parried them with becoming dexterity, and retaliated upon *his* head occasionally with more certain effect.

However, the pledge I learned was, sometime after, administered in these parts by the "Apostle of Temperance," and this eccentric little schoolmaster took it, and became reformed. When I say reformed, I by no means intend to intimate that he was ever a drunkard—no, it was only at stated times, that he indulged in the *potheen* rather freely: but then his schoolhouse was put in good order, and the number of his scholars increased, and they respected him, and improved under his care, and he dressed well, and, though he did not altogether resign the birch, he found it necessary to use it very seldom.

Seeing the Parish-Priest, he doffed

his hat in an instant, and all the urchins, gathering in clusters about the door, saluted his Reverence in Irish.

"'Tis a rugged road," he remarked, "you are on—but, if your Reverence will allow me, I will lead your horses up," and he took the reins, and walked with them in his hands to the distance of more than two miles; regarding it the greatest honor to aid the Priest in the most affectionate manner, looking for no other remuneration than his approval and his blessing. Pure, primitive dispositions, methought. Here the respect of the Irish peasantry for their Clergymen shewed itself in clear relief. That trait in their character is proverbial at home—and it can be weakened, much less destroyed, abroad, only by long struggling against their religious feelings, and their second nature. There are few, to their honor must it be, in justice, said, who ever lose, amid other countless changes and heterogeneous circumstances, that veneration for the priestly character, which has always designated the true believer, and the sincere Christian. They are mindful, to the last, of that command of the Most High: *nolite tangere christos meos*—"touch not my anointed:" which if, through passion, they are ever unfortunate enough to violate, they will sooner or later, be visited with deep and lasting compunction.

THE POOR LITTLE BOY AND THE SPELLING BOOK.

We have left the schoolhouse, and, after a slow and tedious drive through a mountainous region, find ourselves again on a smooth, plain road, and in a fertile and smiling country. The skies are transparent, and perfectly blue, except where a solitary cluster of clouds, fleecy and scattering, rests on the bold and desolate peaks of the mountains afar off. Majestically rough is yonder ridge which seems to recline, like the skeleton of some monstrous animal, against the obscure horizon. Whilst the green fields, cut up into small parcels, like so many squares on the checkerboard, some verdant with potatoe crops, others waving with the russet corn, with here and there a plantation of young trees, and occasionally a neat little farm-house topping the rising ground, or dotting the sloping lawn.

As we travelled on, amid this variegated scenery, we suddenly perceived a child, who appeared not more than twelve years old, issuing from a miserable mud-hut, with his head and feet bare, and his person scarcely covered with clothing. Still he seemed healthy—a fine eye beamed from his brow—and the roseate hue of health tinged his handsome cheeks. With agile and untiring steps, he kept up with our carriage, and entreated us to give him a penny. It required, of course, but little feeling to satisfy the modest craving of this interesting child. But, for the purpose of conversing with him the better, we slackened the pace of our horses, and asked him many questions, to which he gave an apt and ready reply.

"What is your name, my child?" demanded my Reverend companion.

"Terry O'Hara," he replied with a tone which seemed to imply that it is not every boy that can boast of such a name.

"Where do you live, Terry?"

"Just down yonder, where you see the hedge, and the mill, your honor."

"Who is your Parish-Priest?"

"Father ———."

"Do you know your catechism, Terry?"

"I have my prayers and catechism in Irish," was his reply.

"Let us hear you say them."

We stopped, and the poor little boy, respectfully making the sign of

the cross, and joining his hands together, recited the Lord's prayer; and, afterwards, answered the questions proposed in his catechism with great facility and quickness in the Irish language. Who would not have experienced a tender sympathy for this interesting child? We presented him with a hundred pennies more than he presumed to ask for: and when, on parting with him, I questioned him as to the use he would make of his money,

"I will buy a spelling-book, and give the rest to my Father," he ingenuously made answer.

Dear little child! perhaps the book he will purchase with these pennies of ours, may be the key which hereafter may unlock for him the stores of education: and who can say, but the noble mind which seems to reside in his beautiful head, may, like many another, if opportunity be given, burn out in all the glow and glitter of genius which has distinguished the Irish character.

LISMORE.

Through the mountains which stretch between the counties of Cork and Waterford, we journeyed on, passing many isolated huts, and along many a bog, in which the peasants were cutting turf which they piled up near the road. From some of the heights we looked down with rapture on the rich valleys below, and beheld, at times, the silvery stream of the black water river gliding through its tortuous way, like the vagaries of a huge serpent darting among the thickets, appearing now, now disappearing, with singular variety. Perhaps it was from the summit of one of these bare mountains, that the "Scourge of Erin," Cromwell, cast his greedy gaze, and enthusiastically exclaimed to his vandal retainers: *this country is worth fighting for!* yea, I would answer, it is, indeed, worth fighting for. Children of Ireland! on the rocks of your country, the Genius of Liberty should inscribe these words: and they should be repeated by the echo of every valley: *this country is worth fighting for!* The approach to Lismore is exceedingly handsome, the roads are excellent, and the seats, scattered about, elegant. The spire of the Catholic chapel rises high above the town—displaying to the traveller the sign of Redemption and of Hope. On our arrival, the shades of evening were gathering over the hills. We stopped at the Hotel built, at his own expense, by the Duke of Devonshire, and kept in very good order. We passed the night in comfortable apartments, and, early the following morning, took our departure for

MOUNT MELLERAY.

The fame of this abode of Trappists has gone forth through the whole world, and I felt an ardent desire to visit a spot, which like another *Monte Cassino*, or a *Clairvaux*, presents the spectacle of monastic vigor and perfection; and realizes, in the nineteenth century, the admirable self-denial, manual-labor, silence, meditation, and prayer, of which the early ages of the Church present us such marvellous examples in the deserts of Thebais and Nitria. In Ireland the spirit of the ancient anchorites seems to have taken refuge, among her rugged mountains, and in her secluded vallies. No country was more renowned for the number of her monasteries than she. Her soil is covered with the ruins of religious houses. They lie scattered in every direction; their Ivy-clad walls dismantled, their altars destroyed, their demesnes seized by rapacious intruders. But yet enough remains to strike with admiration the stranger's heart; to teach him what FAITH was here before the days of Eliza-

beth and Cromwell, and they stand, like so many glimmering beacons of the past, guiding back through the gloom and desolation of centuries the inquiring mind, to those ages of glory and light, when the Religion of Saint Patrick was the only one in this Holy Island; from which, as it were from her home, she spread her influence, piety, science, and literature, through England, Scotland, and even the continent itself.

"Ireland," writes Camden, "was termed *sanctorum patria*, the *native country of Saints.* And the Scottish monks in Ireland and Britain, highly excelled for their holiness and learning; yea, and sent out whole flocks of most devout men into all parts of Europe."

In this Island, more than any where else, the arts and sciences flourished. Even Usher acknowledges this fact, in the following words: *Hibernia, eo tempore, et Religionis et bonarum artium laude, præaliis Europæ regnis floruit.*— (Prim. Eccles. Cap. xvii.)

Her monasteries, according to Venerable Bede, were not only seminaries for education, but likewise asylums for the poor and wretched. To them thousands of English annually resorted (receiving books and education gratuitously) as to the mart of science. *Victum eis quotidianum sine pretio, libros quoque ad legendum et magisterium gratuitum præbere curabant..* (Hist. Eccl. lib. iii. 27.) And in an ancient distich, quoted by Camden, the Irish are styled, *sophia claros*, famous for learning.

By the industry of the Irish monks, the four gospels were translated into their vernacular tongue, as early as the tenth century. By some antiquarians, this work, which we are told by Thomas Moore is still extant, is attributed to Saint Columbkill. But there are still more ancient MSS. The oldest of which is the Psalter of Cashel, written towards the end of the ninth century. It was in the shades of his monastery that St. Columbanus composed his latin hymns, in the following rythmical style:

"Mundus iste transit et quotidie decresit
Nemo vivens manebit, nullus vivus remansit."

This world is passing—and, of all alive,
As no one hath remained, so no one shall survive.

I will amuse the reader with another quotation from the ancient monastic muse. Lines taken from a hymn in honor of Saint Bridget, composed according to some critics, by Columbkill, and to others, by St. Ultan of Ardbraccan:

"Christus in nostra insula, quæ vocatur Hybernia
Ostensusest hominibus, maximis mirabilibus."

Christ in our Island, now Hybernia named,
By great and wondrous men has been proclaimed.

Some of the puerile effusions of St. Columbanus were, in the language of his biographer Jonas, "ad canendum digna," worthy of being sung: and Moore informs us that Columba is represented by his historian, as sitting with his brethren on the banks of the beautiful Lake Kee, listening to the songs of a poet "modulated after his art." But enough on this subject. I am not writing a history—I am merely sketching the general picture of the country, so let us hasten on our journey.

A ride of a few hours from Lismore brought us close by the bare, blue mountains, whose tops are lost in vapor, and at whose barren feet the monastery is situated. Into these hallowed precincts I will invite the Reader to accompany me in the succeeding number.

FATHERS AND WRITERS OF THE CHURCH.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

FROM *E* TO *J*.

ELIGIUS St., the friend of Dagobert I., King of the Franks, and afterwards Bishop of Noyon, anno 646, died about the year 663. There are extant some fragments of his Sermons and Homilies to the people.

EPHREM St., Deacon of Edessa in Syria, died in 378. He was the uncompromising enemy of heresy. His works, which are nearly all ascetical, were anciently held in such veneration, that they were publicly read in some of the churches after the Scriptures.

EPIPHANIUS St., Bishop of Salamina in Cyprus, towards the year 378, and died in 402, in his ninety-first year. He wrote many works, but especially against eighty heresies. His *Anchoratus* contains a complete exposition of Faith, composed for the purpose of fixing firmly, as it were with an anchor, the principles of truth.

EVAGRIUS, born at Evagria, a town in Syria, about the year 537; he was surnamed *Scholasticus*. He composed an Ecclesiastical History in six books, from the year 431, when the Nestorian heresy was condemned, to 594.

EUCHERIUS St., was raised from the monastery of Lerins to the bishopric of Lyons, in 434, and died in 454. Before he took the religious vows, he had been married, and both his sons, Salonius and Vecanius, were made Bishops. He wrote a precious book, on the contempt of the world, and some very eloquent sermons.

EUSEBIUS, Bishop of Emessa in Syria, flourished about the middle of the fourth century, and was, according to Saint Jerome, the standard-bearer of Arianism. He wrote many short homilies. But some are attributed to him, which belong to St. Eucherius of Lyons and others.

EUSEBIUS, the intimate friend of St. Pamphilus, was born in 270, made Bishop of Cæsarea in 315, and was present at the Council of Nice, where he delivered the panegyric of Constantine the Great. He died towards the year 340. He has left several works, the greatest of which is his *Ecclesiastical History:* and he would have been one of the Fathers of Religion, had he not suffered himself to be tainted with Arianism.

EUSEBIUS of Vercelli, a Sardinian, was sent by Pope Liberius to Constantine the Emperor, anno 354, then in Gaul: from whom he obtained a decree for a meeting of Bishops. He died in 370, and is venerated as a martyr by the Church, on the 16th of December. In fact, he suffered exile, hunger, thirst, and cruel torments, for the orthodox Faith. Some of his letters are extant; which are filled with apostolic firmness, zeal, and piety.

FACUNDUS, an African Bishop, died in 550. He was the uncompromising defender of the "three chapters," in which he erred: for they were afterwards condemned in the Fifth General Council, the Second of Constantinople.

FAUSTUS, a native of Lower Brittainy, Priest and Monk of Lerins, and afterwards Bishop of Riez in

Provence, died in his hundredth year, anno 484. He was a holy and learned Prelate. His Epistle against Lucidus, whom he recalled to a sense of duty, was approved at Arles, by eleven Bishops, and afterwards by twenty-seven in a synod at Lyons. At the suggestion of these synods, he composed his treatise on *Grace* and *Free Will*. By some he has been accused of Semi-Pelagianism, but on this score he has been ably vindicated in the *Journal of Trevaux*, for July, 1736.

Fenandus, Deacon of Carthage, disciple of St. Fulgentius, whose life he has written. He died in 553. He wrote several epistles, some of which were in favor of the "three Chapters."

Flavianus, Patriarch of Constantinople, was consecrated in 447, and expired in 450: he suffered much from the cruelty of Dioscorous, Chrysaphius, and other Eutycheans.

Floris, styled *Magister*, a Deacon of Lyons, acquired so great a name on account of his immense erudition, that he was chosen by the Church of Lyons to refute Joannes Scotus Erigena. He composed a most beautiful commentary on the canon of the mass, and an immortal work on Predestination, in 852. The year of his death is uncertain.

Francis of Assisium, was born in 1180, founded the order of Friars Minor, in 1203, which was approved in the Council of Lateran (the Fourth) in 1215. He died in 1226; and was ranked among the Saints by Gregory IX. His works are contained in one volume with those of St. Anthony of Padua.

Fulbert, Bishop of Chartre, died in 1028. He was well versed in the liberal arts, and distinguished for his devotion to the B. V. Mary.

Fulgentius, born in Africa in 467, was consecrated Bishop in 508, and died in 533. He wrote against the Arians, by whom, at the command of Thrasamund, King of the Vandals, he was exiled into Sardinia; but was afterwards recalled by Helderic, in 523, and honorably received. He was styled the Augustine of his age, for having powerfully defended the doctrine of that Holy Father against the errors of semi-Pelagianism.

Gaudentius, was ordained Bishop by St. Ambrose, in 387; and, eight years later, was sent by the synod of Rome and the Emperor Theodosius, on a mission to Arcadius, who was persecuting St. John Chrysostom. The year of his death is not exactly known, but was between 410 and 427. He wrote the life of St. Philastrius, and also many sermons and treatises on various subjects.

Gennadius, a Priest of Marseilles, flourished towards the end of the fifth century. He composed a work on the "Ecclesiastical Writers," and another on the Dogmas of the Church. He has been, but unjustly, accused of semi-Pelagianism.

Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, flourished in the fourth and fifth centuries. Anno 429, he was sent with St. Lupus of Troyes to England, to refute and convert the Pelagians. And having returned, at a later period, to the same Island, he confirmed the orthodox faith by many miracles, and finally died at Ravenna, in 448.

Germanus St., Patriarch of Constantinople, from the year 715 to 730: when he was driven from his See by the impious Emperor Leo, the Iconiclast, having then reached his ninetieth year.

Gratianus, an Italian Benedictine Monk, flourished in the twelfth century. He collected the Canonical Decrees, under the title of *Concordiæ discordantium cononum*. He died about 1151.

Gregory St., called of Nazianzum on account of his having been born near that city, and because he was associated with his Father, the Bish-

op (having received the episcopal consecration himself) in the government of that Church. He was afterwards Bishop of Iagimi in Cappadocia, and then elected Patriarch of Constantinople: but abdicating his dignity, he retired to his native country, where he died in a good old age, anno 390. He was the tender friend of St. Basil, excelled in every branch of learning, and so eminently distinguished in the science of Divinity, that he was styled, by Antonomasia, the *Theologian.*

Gregory St., of Nescæsarea, called *Thaumaturgus*, on account of the power of working miracles, which he possessed. He was the disciple of Origen, about the year 254; and having studied under so great a master for five years, he was consecrated Bishop. On being raised to the See, there were but seventeen Christians in his Diocese: when he died, there were about as many heathens. His death occurred in 265.

Gregory St., of Nyssa, the brother of St. Basil, was made Bishop of Nyssa, in Cappadocia, in 370. On account of his firm adherence to the Nicene Faith, he was sent into exile by the Arian Emperor Valens, where, during eight years, he wandered about without a home. Restored to his See in 381, he assisted at the Second General Council, and lived until the year 394. By the Seventh Œcumenical Council, he is styled *Pater Patrum.*

Gregory St., of Tours, was born in Auvergne, in 544, and having been educated by the care of his uncle, was made Deacon, then Archbishop in 573, and died in 595. He wrote the History, or Annals of France, in ten books; as also other treatises on the miracles of several martyrs, and especially of Saint Martin.

Hermas St., the disciple of St. Paul, who mentions him in the Epistle to the Romans, verse 14: he is said to have died in the year 80. He wrote a work under the title of *Pastor*, which was held in great veneration in the primitive ages.

Hilary St., of Arles, at first a monk of Lerins, and afterwards Bishop of that city; he died 449. During his lifetime, he was falsely accused to the holy Pope Leo I. But, after his death, his merits being made known, he was treated with becoming honors.

Hilary, Deacon of the Roman Church, was exiled together with St. Eusebius of Vercelli and others, in 355: but fell into the Luciferian Schism, and the heresy of the Rebaptisers. Whence he is styled by St. Jerome, *Deucalion Orbis.* It is probable that he was the author of a Commentary on all the Epistles of St. Paul, which is found among the works of St. Ambrose.

Hilary St., a layman, wrote an epistle to St. Augustine, in opposition to those who impugned the doctrine of that illustrious Father, on the subject of Grace. This epistle has been falsely attributed to St. Hilary of Arles.

Hilary St., Bishop of Poictiers, was sent into exile in 356, re-called in 360, and died in 368. He has been highly praised by his contemporaries as well as more recent authors. By St. Jerome, he was styled the *Rhone of Eloquence.* By his zeal, the Catholic Faith was conserved in Gaul; and Arianism was crushed by his writings and discourses.

Hincmar, a Benedictine, Archbishop of Rheims, died in the year 845. In several Councils, held against the monk Gothiscalc, a Predestinarian, he stood distinguished and was eminently useful.

Hippolytus St., the disciple of St. Irenæus of Lyons, died a martyr in Italy, anno 230. He was the author of several works, of which only a few fragments are remaining.

Honorius, a Priest, flourished in the twelfth century, among other

works, he wrote a *Series of the Roman Pontiffs*, from St. Peter down to Innocent II., and likewise a catalogue of heresies.

Hugo of St. Victor, or Victorinus, a Saxon, Canon Regular of St. Victor at Paris, died about the year 1140.

Hugo de Saint Cher, of the Order of St. Dominick, was made Cardinal by Innocent IV., about the middle of the thirteenth century. He was the first to think of a *Concordance of the Scriptures.* He died at Lyons in 1262, and was interred in the church of the Friars Preachers.

Remark.—Under the letter A, I should have added the name of Atto, Bishop of Verceil, towards the middle of the tenth century. This illustrious writer has rendered his name illustrious by many useful and learned works; of which, the principal is a treatise in three parts, on the *Sufferings of the Church;* in this, he condemns the duel, "as merely tempting God."

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM E. ROBINSON, ESQ.

Dear Isle of the ocean, farewell to thy mountains!
Farewell to the graves where my forefathers sleep!
Farewell to thy green hills, thy pure sparkling fountains!
Farewell, though at parting the exile must weep!
Soon may the light of thy noon-day be blended
In glory, with rays of thy morning so splendid;
Soon may thy winter of anguish be ended,
Erin Mavourneen—Erin go Bragh.

Columbia, hail! see a heart-broken stranger,
Rejoicing in hope, sets his foot on thy shore;
Thy free Institutions shall guard him from danger—
The chains of oppression shall bind him no more.
For thee, his heart swells with a patriot's devotion;
For thee, are his prayers offered up on the ocean;
Yet tearful and sad is the silent emotion,
Which still bears his heart back to Erin go Bragh.

Great land! where the ashes of Barry now slumber;
Where Irish Montgomery hallows the ground;
Where Erin's Mac Nevin and Emmett we number,
With those whom American laurels have crown'd.
Great land of their *graves!* while I live I shall bless thee;
Dear land of their *birth*, may no tyrants oppress thee:
Dear land of my fathers, I grieve to address thee,
With Erin Mavourneen, Slan-lat go Bragh.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

CONDITION OF THE CHURCH AT THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION.

The dismemberment which took place in the bosom of the church, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, was a vast and terrible revolution. None of the preceding heresies had so deeply affected her, nor had been productive of consequences so fatal and durable. Many writers have described the events which preceded it, and the various points of view under which it successively presented itself, and the results which, right or wrong, have been attributed to it: but it may also be viewed in another light, which has been by almost all writers either entirely neglected, or to which they have paid but little attention. Had the individuals, with whom the movement of this separation commenced, and by whom its course was directed, a clear conviction of what they were doing, what they desired, and the sentiments by which they were animated? Were their motives sufficiently powerful to convince an impartial spectator of the necessity of their enterprise? For why should the consciences of men have been troubled, the world agitated, and the faith of so many centuries overthrown, without an imperative necessity: such, for instance, as existed when Christianity took the place of Idolatry? This is what we propose to examine in this article; but in a question so important, not confiding in our own strength, we have thought proper to call to our aid one of the finest geniuses of which modern Germany can boast, but who has been unfortunately too soon removed from the church and the field of science, viz. J. A. Moehler. It is from a small work of this remarkable man that we have borrowed the greater number of the facts we shall quote and the arguments we shall make use of. Protestants themselves do not hesitate to acknowledge that neither the works of Luther, Calvin, or Zuingluis exhibit traces of a mature judgment, calm and exempt from passion; that their conclusions are neither perspicuous, exact, nor consequent. But it is said that it is not from the first reformers the reformation should be judged: that we ought rather to examine the fruits it has produced. The first among these fruits they consider the light thrown on the dogmas of faith, which have been rendered, it is affirmed, much more comprehensible, a light which the catholic church would never have given them. But let us examine, in our turn, whether this light of which they boast, be truly a benefit. Have not the Dogmas, in acquiring it, lost much of their strength and vitality? In becoming comprehensible, have they not ceased to be profound and reasonable? There are some Protestants who admit this, but instead of viewing it, like catholics, as an effect of the spirit of protestanism, they attribute it solely to the unfortunate condition of the human race which disfigures by its own wickedness the purest gifts of the Divinity; which poisons and takes from them all their efficacy. If so, the catholic replies, why not

also acknowledge that all these abuses of which you complained and which you say rendered indispensable, not only a reform of some kind, but a reform according to your own ideas, why not acknowledge what is incontestable, that these abuses were all diametrically opposed to the fundamental principles, to the true spirit of the catholic church? It is not so with protestantism. The loss of strength and vitality, of depth and reason, that the dogmas have sustained under the empire of the latter, is not opposed to its spirit, of which it is, on the contrary, an inevitable consequence. The proof of this is, that, at the present day, men can express the most contradictory opinions, without ceasing to be protestants. If we succeed in convincing a protestant on this point, he takes refuge behind the liberty of conscience the reformation procured for man, and which the catholic church refuses him; "now," says he, "this liberty being a divine right, it is necessary that all men should enjoy it, and when it shall have become general, as one day it most undoubtedly will, unity will be re-established by means of this same liberty." But protestants who make use of this argument, do not perceive its futility. Unlimited liberty in religious opinions being but the right of each man to have an opinion different from that of his neighbor, this diversity carried to excess could never become the basis of a unity of any kind whatsoever.

Up to the present time nothing has shown us the necessity of the reformation; but there are persons who have thought to find it elsewhere, viz. in the necessity which always accompanies the decrees of divine providence. Now these persons wander from the subject in separating necessity from utility; and their solution can satisfy neither catholics nor protestants. Besides, this appeal to providential necessity is nothing but an avowal of our own ignorance; and the question remains unanswered. Happily there are certain points upon which all parties are agreed. *All* desire the progress of science and the perfection of the human mind; *all* wish to cultivate religion and moral sentiments; *all* seek purity in discipline and the Liturgy; all, in fact, require that the constitution and administration of the church should correspond with the end, which they ought to accomplish.

Let us then examine these different points such as they were at the time of the schism, and see what the reformation has produced in their favor. In order to judge impartially of the state of science and the cultivation of the human mind at the period of the reformation, we must not compare either the one or the other with their condition at the present day. Our actual knowledge is constructed on a basis which existed at that epoch. Priding ourselves upon our superiority, we attribute to ourselves, without reason, the merits of our predecessors, and forget that in all things, the commencement is the greatest difficulty. To be well assured that we commit neither error nor injustice in our appreciation of them, we must examine, first the point of cultivation from which the middle age set out, and that to which it had arrived at the commencement of the new era to which we boast to belong.

We are too well-informed at the present day, not to know that the people who swayed the West at the fall of the Roman empire knew very little; and among them spiritual life was but imperfectly developped. We also know, that the people who were conquered, once possessed of such extensive learning, had lost the best part of it amid their political storms; nay, even the remembrance of the happiness they had once enjoyed. The eastern part of Europe presented

only the melancholy remains of past grandeur, in the midst of which rioted hordes of barbarians, rich with the gifts of nature, but uncultivated and rude, continually at war with strangers or with each other; whilst the north, a frightful desert, covered with forests and marshes, remained envelopped in darkness, through which, as yet, a ray of light had not penetrated. What do we behold, on the contrary, at the close of the middle ages? The whole of Europe converted to christianity, fields covered with rich harvests, regular governments, communication between all nations open and comparatively easy. A fourth part of the world had been discovered which became a fresh source of material and intellectual wealth; a new route had been opened, through which to arrive at the most remote parts of Asia, and had given to commerce an impulse until then unknown. The compass, gunpowder, printing, were all invented before the reformation. The institutions which in the twelfth century were feeble, obscure, wrestling with poverty, disdained and despised, elevated themselves to such a height in the course of three hundred years, as to be transformed into grand nurseries of science and general literature, which from France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Germany, spread floods of light over all the other countries of Europe. New schools were founded in all parts, emulating their sister-institutions and exciting them to redoubled efforts. In the year 1517 Europe counted sixty-six universities, of which sixteen were situated in Germany alone.

And what did they teach? To speak only of theology, it appeared there as a science drawn from the inmost depths of christianity. If any fault can be found with an Anselm, a Thomas, a Duns, or an Occam, it is for having allowed themselves to be too much fascinated, if we may so express ourselves, by the intrinsic beauty of christianity to allow sufficient thought to its external character. But the dispositions of men are various: others completed what they had omitted. Towards the middle of the eleventh century, precisely at the epoch when scholastic divinity commenced, a crowd of writers appeared who examined with impartiality, and painted in faithful, interesting, and dramatic colors, ordinary life, the actions of men, their wishes, their hopes, their views, their pacific and hostile relations. There was not a single christian nation from the frozen regions of Iceland to the extreme south, which did not produce distinguished historians. If we compare the poetry composed from the commencement of the middle ages to the end of the tenth century, when all the elements of civil life were confused by fierce and sanguinary broils, with that produced by the succeeding centuries until the fourteenth, what an immense improvement do we find in the minds of the European people. The most refined and generous sentiments were, during this interval, awakened in the hearts of men, and expressed in the most attractive manner. The exploits of the past and present were sung in works worthy of their subject; life and its various phenomena were happily described, the most sublime truths of faith were treated with singular felicity by some poets; and the times nearest approaching our own century produced nothing which surpasses the hymns and religious canticles of that remote period.

To this era belong also those master-pieces of ecclesiastical architecture, which prove the genius of those who designed them, and the knowledge of mechanics and skill of the artisans to whom we owe their execution. With the poetry of the middle ages must be placed the *mystical* which is nearly allied to it. None

but cultivated minds could seize the doctrine of salvation in so profound and singular a manner, represent it to the senses by so many different images, apply faith to all the situations and actions of life in order to form the latter after, and cause it to become in a manner the suitable expression of, the former. The writings of St. Bernard, of Hugh and Richard St. Victor of Susa, Tauler, and Thomas à Kempis, bear testimony that the minds of their authors were as greatly and finely developped, as the works of art and science of which we have just spoken. It would have been as impossible to produce them before the tenth century, as for the German writers of the seventeenth to compose the poems of Schiller and Goethe. But the human mind was weary of the course it had until then pursued in speculative theology, which satisfied neither the wishes nor necessities of the times. Complaints of the insufficiency of scholastic studies became more and more urgent: and endeavors had been made to modify them, even before their union with classical studies: and, when this took place, a new career opened to the human mind.

But no sooner had works of classical literature become accessible, than it acted in an astonishing manner upon the mind. As it was more attractive and, at the same time, required less talent and depth than speculative theology, every one desired to devote himself to this delightful study. In the meanwhile, the enthusiasm with which the literature of antiquity was received supposes a tolerably advanced state of civilization. Barbarians do not delight in reading Plato, they appreciate neither the vigor of Thucydides nor the grace of Heredotus: such are not their enjoyments. If these immortal productions of the genius of man excited the admiration of our ancestors of the fifteenth century, it is an evident proof of the progress they had already made towards the cultivation of the mind. Why, at their first arrival in the Roman empire, did they evince so much indifference to all that science and the arts could offer to adorn life? and why, on the contrary, did they at a later period give themselves up to them with so much ardor? Because they had long since emerged from a state of barbarism into that of civilization, and had arrived at the same degree of cultivation as were the men whose works they admired, whose merit they appreciated, and whose style they understood.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Chancellor Gerson, Pierre D'Ailly, and Nicholas of Clemanges, had declared themselves, but in a negative manner, against scholastic theology; scarcely half a century had elapsed, when Nicholas Casana established a system diametrically opposed to the first principles of this theology; a system, full of spirit and enthusiasm, like that of Plato. Numerous commentators on the sacred writings had appeared since the ninth century; nearly all men of distinguished talent, but who paid less attention to the words, than to the religious and moral ideas of Scripture. Grammatical exegeses, however, had not been entirely neglected; and Nicholas Lyra had since the fourteenth century produced a remarkable work in this style. Later Lorenzo Valla, Erasmus, Sanctus Pagninus, and Le Febre of Estaples followed him and occupied an important place in exegetical literature. The importance of reading the sacred writings in the original was fully understood; the Polyglott of Alcala soon appeared, and also editions of the New Testament by Erasmus. The works of the Greek fathers were published, accompanied by translations generally very correct. Historical criticism was treated with great

success by Nicholas Cuza, by Valla, by St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, by John, Abbot of Tuttenheim, and by the Canon, Albert Vivantz. Historiography produced the master-pieces of Bembo and Guichardini.

After what has been said, it becomes difficult to maintain that the state of learning absolutely required a revolution in the church. Besides, the nature of the reformation supposes in those who accomplished it a position greatly elevated in the ranks of spiritual life; with less learning they could neither have commenced nor sustained it. To convince ourselves of this fact, it is sufficient to compare the Protestant reformation with the schisms which had manifested themselves not long before in the Greek church; the insignificance and total want of design, which marked these last, could only inspire contempt. On the contrary the separation in the sixteenth century from the Latin church presents equally in its object and its fundamental principles, something grand and significant; which in spite of itself throws a brilliant eclat on the church which was attacked. How is it possible not to admire the talent which developped itself on both sides, during this great contest: on one side, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Beza; on the other, Eckius, Catharinus, Cochlœcus, Albert Pighius, Sadolet, Fisher, Thomas More, Reginald Pole, Andrew Vega, Payva Andreda, and Bellarmin. But there is still an important remark to be made: every one knows that the reformers did not descend from heaven: we know in what school Luther was educated; from whom Melancthon received his instructions; by whom Calvin was endowed with a prebendary in order to enable him to cultivate the remarkable talent which he displayed. The legate of the Pope is also well-known, who granted to Zuinglius, on leaving the Academy, a pension to aid him in the completion of his library.

We come now to the second point that we propose to ourselves to examine: was the state of moral and religious feeling such, at this period, as to render a reform indispensable? If we must believe Luther, school-divinity had degraded Theology to the rank of a mere worldly science: and the christian instead of believing the word of God, believed according to the dictates of his own reason. Science had rendered man proud: he had ceased to comprehend the greatness of the fall of our first parents, he had believed that, independently of faith in Jesus Christ, his own good works were still necessary to his salvation This is why Luther in his energetic language was accustomed to call reason the handmaid of Satan, and the universities the hotbeds of vice. Again, it is for this reason that Melancthon reproaches the Christian Academies with explaining the Philosophy of Plato: that Carolostadius suggested that the students of Theology, instead of studying so much, should learn a trade in order to obey the precepts of the Scriptures, and gain their bread by the sweat of their brow. We will only remark here, that by these reproaches the reformers acknowledge at least the general enthusiasm which incited the catholics to study, and furnishes, if it is necessary, another argument to prove that the reformation was not rendered indispensable by the darkness of ignorance in which the world was envelopped.

But in reply to the accusation brought against scholastic divinity we ask first, how it is possible not to perceive the christian element which predominated, since all its efforts tended to represent christianity as a divine revelation, by showing that it contained only the doctrines which it is absolutely necessary to recognize as truths? Nor do we perceive that

the classical studies, which Luther condemned with as much severity as scholastic divinity, have been injurious to the faith, and the religious spirit of the christian church. All the great poets of the middle ages, who may be said to have prepared the work of regeneration of letters, were all in the midst of christianity, in the bosom of the catholic church. The division into three parts of the *Divina Comedia* of Dante shows the strength of his attachment to catholic doctrines: and what he relates of Virgil proves that neither his intimate connection with this ancient poet nor the admiration he had avowed for him could for a single instant shake his belief in the Gospel. Throughout Dante shows himself submissive to the religious dogma, worthy of St. Thomas Aquinas, whose works he so assiduously studied and whom he encounters in heaven. Nothing can be more sublime and at the same time more touching than the manner in which Dante always expresses himself in speaking of the Son of God, as the Saviour of the world. As to his opinions of the lives of the clergy, we see him, it is true, cast a bad pope into the infernal regions, but he also unsparingly sends heretics thither, "those cunning foxes who undermine the vineyard of the Lord." He invariably represents the pope as the vicar of Jesus Christ, and it is for this reason that he is indignant at seeing these high functions confided to unworthy persons; while on the contrary he salutes with delight in Heaven, those pontiffs who well-understood and worthily sustained their elevated position. If he pours out his wrath upon the degenerate children of St. Francis and St. Dominick, it is because St. Francis and St. Dominick are themselves objects of the highest veneration; they offer him an idea of the monastic life which he admires. Dante is among the first-born poets of the church; he is gifted with a clear, strong, and lively faith; but for this reason, like every true catholic, he declares himself without reserve against all low and coarse sentiments. Tasso and Petrarch are of a character opposed to that of Dante; but they resemble him in their profound, enthusiastic, and christian piety. Who can persuade himself that it is through incredulity that the first sang the deliverance of the holy sepulchre? It is sufficient to read the ascetic and mystical works of the latter to understand with what bitter grief he was penetrated at the sight of the wrongs which the church suffered in the time of the popes of Avignon. The same tenderness, the same sensibility which he experienced in his terrestial affections he carried into the more elevated sphere of religious sentiments.

J. A. M.

CHILD OF A DAY.

Child of a day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thy urn,
The gushing eyes that read thy lot
Nor if thou knowest, couldst return.

And why the wish? the pure and bless'd
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep—
O peaceful night! O envied rest!
Thou wilt not see her weep.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE FLORENTINE FETE.

THIRD AND LAST EVENING.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

We are informed that Leo had from his earliest youth evinced a decided predilection for the cultivation of the fine arts, and, indeed, this pursuit, or preference, characterized his brief but illustrious life-time. To it is posterity indebted for those creations which Angelo and Raffael, sustained by his munificence and his splendid projects of rendering Rome worthy of being the centre of the christian world, have handed down to us in beautiful embodyments of undying genius. Nor is the exception without its merit—its pride—its religious distinction and its national glory—that, while the vast treasures of other countries were dissipated by their dissolute monarchs in luxurious debauchery and refinement of vice, the Supreme Head of the Catholic Church, dispensed his revenues in the promotion of industry, the development of talent which must have been otherwise lost to the world, the expansion of mind, elevation of intelligence, and perpetuity of that love of virtue which the virtuous will say is the hand-maid of the Fine Arts: a rule which, if tried by the test of right reasoning, will be found to have but very few exceptions, and but little need, therefore, of the "*exceptio legem facit*," to establish its integrity.

Some time before Leo was elevated to the chair of Saint Peter, he assiduously encouraged the prosecution of antiquarian researches at Rome. In the course of their labors, the explorers discovered a piece of sculpture in a small island of the Tiber, representing the ship of Æsculapius. This incident was considered an augury of the future elevation of Leo to the Pontificate, and formed the theme of some Latin verses by Valeriano, which are too long for quotation in this place: they are addressed "Ad Leonem X., de Navi Æsculapii in insula Tyberina paulo ante exerta quam ipse Card olim a Navicula, Pont. Max. efficeretur; and they commenced thus:

> Illa ergo nuper reddita lumini
> Longe Æsculapii Navis, in insula
> Quam vorticosus turbulenta
> Mordet aqua Tyberinus Amnis.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that it was during this pontificate, Luther, writhing under the passions of jealousy and pride, and instigated by all that evil train of propensities which follow, with such abandoned outlawry, in the wake of those selfish passions, commenced that schismatic war, whose prototype had lost heaven itself to the highest and brightest angels that ministered around the throne of God. We seldom look for healthy and translucent tributaries from rivers whose sources are impure and turbid; neither did the sage nor the saint of that day anticipate that they who would drink of the waters of the Reformation (so-called) would enjoy

all the healthiness which flows only in the waters of life. The discovery of the piece of sculpture referred to, the expectations arising from the augury connected with it, the knowledge of the high qualifications of Cardinal Giovanni de Medici for the throne of the Catholic world, the contemporaneous outbreak of the Lutheran schism, and the necessity of such talents and such knowledge of the power of concentrated government as he possessed to meet this newly arisen foe of the kingdom of God, rendering as it were a "boundless antiquity," the reflection that the promise of Christ to his Apostles that he would be with them "even to the consummation of the world," that the church established by him was pure and full of the spirit of all holiness *ab incepto*—that the Reformation was the illegitimate child of sin, which is badness of heart, and gross desires, and defilement of the spirit; producing all unfitting and un-christian doctrines of which it was to be the herald, the preacher, and the defender, through ages of carnage and the out-treading of holiness; and that as the promise of Christ, who is not with the evil things of the world, was not with those characteristics, so would he be not with them, nor of them:—all these seemed to form a suitable *motive* for an improvised composition, and accordingly on this the third evening of the FLORENTINE FETE, when the illustrious guests of Pasiello had assembled in the Hall of the Improvisatori—for so we will designate it—the theme was assumed by a Neapolitan, who had been a distinguished professor when this science was fifty years younger. He was venerable in appearance and far advanced in years: his scanty hair descended in snowy whiteness over his shoulders, his cheeks were spare and sunken, and his forehead wrinkled and stamped by the devastating world-steps of seventy years, and when he arose and with an obeisant gesture, announced that he was about to address them as a seer—that the contemplation of the rebellious Present had called the fearful Future up into the prescience of his mind with its details of social and religious dismemberments—the disobedient, fratricical offspring of the schism of the sixteenth century—the scattered ruins of a ruin—his eyes dilated and pouring forth, as it were, planetary fire, he did indeed seem as one inspired. The time, the occasion, the assemblage, the enraptured Septuagenarian, his announcement—all gave the moment a thrilling interest; and amid such silence as we *feel*, before the impending storm rolls out upon the torpid earth, he commenced

THE PROPHECY.

LIFE! life! a loftier future far
  Even in this world, of whose design
And being, we the beings are—
  We formed by the *Divine*.
We, dust and life commingled, even now
Feel loftier futures cool our fever'd brow.

Wo! Worms upon thee wo! thy womb
  Hath yielded deadliness of life;
God's city wouldst thou robe with gloom,
  God's peace supplant with strife.
But thou shalt be a by-word, and thy face
No sun will light save through thy black disgrace.

Yet will thy false one not become
  Puissant o'er God's empire world ;
In his own shrines shall he be dumb,
  His idols downward hurl'd :
'Till even shame will be asham'd to stand
Within the dome built by his Titan hand.

And they, the shepherdless—gone forth
  From the pure rills and pastures green,
In East and West and South and North
  Rebels to her, the Christian Cities' Queen—
Unknowing and unknown unto each other
They shall not claim the kindredness of brother.

The shepherd's fold, a place of fear
  To their approach, they still shall cling
To every fancy falling near
  By its own graceless weight of wing ;
Where shall they rest—by winds of doctrine toss'd?
Where rests the proud ship when the anchor's lost?

But now, as in the first dark hours
  When the deceiving serpent stole
Amid the paradisal flowers
  And captive led the God-like soul,
Before denouncing Justice, Love will rise
And Mercy's hand arrest the sacrifice.

Have we not seen a joyous sign
  Long lost beside the Tiber's wave
Unburied by the will *divine*—
  A ship the chosen ones to save :
A portent and a promise in the hour
Which needed most the omnipotent's saving power?

Lightnings and thunders, waves and storms,
  Lift, with what desperate strength you may,
Your fearful and gigantic forms
  Between us and the light of day—
Crush, trample, wreck, and blast, with impious breath,
The ship of Rome shall shout your knell of death.

A sign! from out the heavens—a sign!
  Proclaim it to the nations round,
Waft it to heaven's cerulean line,
  Sing it to earth's remotest bound.
'Till sweet VALERIAN'S " Vive Pater" roll
In joy's own thunder-shout at either pole.

At the conclusion of this recitation the assembly simultaneously rose, a compliment which as no person could more quickly discern, so could none more fully appreciate. He expressed his sense of the responsibility which it had pleased the Almighty he should assume—he alluded in a becoming spirit of charity to the schism which a discontented, over-ambitious, and refractory man had attempted to introduce into the truthfulness of the one holy, catholic, and apostolic church—he expressed his reliance upon God, for its integrity unbroken, and its perpetuity uninterrupted, and commended in brief but expressive terms, the fidelity of his universal flock to the fold of the one shepherd. At this moment, a velvet

curtain which, partition-like, formed one side of the hall, was lifted to the ceiling, exhibiting a brilliantly illuminated allegorical tableau representing the Pontiff conferring the Cardinalship on the thirty-one whom he had selected for that dignity. On the very memorable occasion of that extensive nomination, several members, distinguished for learning and piety, were chosen from various parts of Europe, among whom were Louis of Bourbon, (of whom it has been said that "the splendor of his virtues would have rendered him illustrious had he been of the humblest origin;") Alfonso, son of Emanuel, king of Portugal, (subject to certain provisions on account of his minority;) Gubelino Raimondo Vick, a native of Spain; Pompejo Colonna and Franciotto Orsino of the illustrious families of those names; F. Pisani of Venice; G. V. Battista of Genoa; and Fernando Ponzetto, a citizen of Florence. The splendor of this scene was beyond the most creative imagination, and still more successfully than the numerous other departments of the Fete, proved the taste and judgment of design, and perhaps the delicate refinement of the manner in which Pasiello paid the honors of his house to his Holiness. The full history of the event thus illustrated was then of recent knowledge to all, and particularly appropriate was, therefore, this brilliant representation of the living elements of tranquillity, splendor, and celebrity, which Leo had so judiciously called to the sustainment of his councils, the happiness of his people, the influence of the Pontificate, and the Glory of God.

It may be considered that the entertainments which succeeded each other during this fete were of too exclusively religious a character, and consisted at best but of a *varied* monotony; and that even this had too invariable—too individual an object. They, however, who are acquainted with the active history of that time, the unsettled condition of many of the neighboring principalities and states, Milan, Venice, Genoa, and others, all affecting more or less the tranquillity of the Pope's dominions, the *furor* which the Lutheran schism had assumed sustained by the ambition, prejudices, jealousies, and intrigues of open and occult enemies—the mind-weariness of him to whom the supreme pastorship of the universal fold of Christ had been committed, the continual vigilance and searching by day and by night, into the dim and distant future, for the possible results of the portentous present, and the tireless endeavor to preserve inviolate the purity of the sacred trust, which was now threatened with rebellious desecration—they, it is repeated, who have become conversant with this period and those dependencies will, alone, duly recognize the delicate but distinct discrimination which sought, on the present occasion, to evince to Leo the feelings with which his flock were animated towards him, by a series of allusions which under other circumstances would have justified the objection which now gave to them all their effect and sympathy.

To a general description of those, therefore, have these chapters been confined to the exclusion of the minute and merely incidental attentions, which on all such are obligatory at least by courtesy.

The splendid tableau alluded to was accompanied through its various changes by a numerous and effective orchestra and choir, composed of the best *artists* of that land of music and song, and thus made the closing triumph of Pasiello's entertainment. On the conclusion of the "Finale" his Holiness arose and bestowing the Apostolic benediction, retired to prepare for his visit to the city, where arrangements, on the most magnificent scale, had now been completed for his reception.

HOME AT LAST.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

A shivering child one winter's night,
(The snow was deep, and cold the blast!)
Hugging her ragged mother tight,
"Mother," exclaimed, "we're home at last!"
And as she spake, poor little one,
A ruined hut she stood before,
Whence, ever since the morning sun,
They strayed to beg from door to door.

You're home at last! sad home is this;—
All lone without, all cold within;
The adder here might lurk and hiss,
Her poisonous web the spider spin—
But there's no fire to warm, no light;
And crevices are yawning wide,
Through which the storm, this freezing night,
May lay you stiffened, side by side.

And yet this wayward child has been
By many a gorgeous house—and past
Where mirth and music cheer the scene,
Nor envies—for she's "home at last!"
Thus may the heart be trained below
To love the cot wherein was cast,
Its fare of poverty and woe,
Like her's who cried—"we're home at last!"

STANZAS TO ——.

Would that the bard could wake the soul,
Enshrin'd within the classic lyre,
Or in their secret haunts control,
The guardians of the poets fire!
Too rude to touch the golden strings,
To which their mystic tones belong,
Alas! for me no spirit brings
The much lov'd melody of song.

Yet, tho' the Grecian fount shall cease,
To murmur from its green recess,
And every lute which sang of peace,
No more the list'ning earth should bless;
Yet will I dare to wake the shell,
E'en as the wind that passes by—
Perhaps some spirit there may dwell
Of those, who sing to God on high.

There blooms, 'tis said, a fragrant flower,
Whose leaves expand beneath the sun,
But close, whene'er the twilight hour
Gives notice that his course is run;
Thus be thy life; let Heaven's bright ray
Its warmth to every thought impart,
But turn from all that's dark, away—
And keep for God alone the heart.

LITERARY NOTICES.

FATHER OSWALD, a Genuine Catholic Story. Casserly & Sons, 108 Nassau-street, New-York.

A judicious critic, profound theologian, and vastly informed writer of the eighteenth century, the illustrious Feijoo, ornament of the Benedictine Order, and honor of Spain, in his famous *Teatro critico*, wrote an apology for the Stories and Novels against those, who judging of them, not according to their nature, but according to the abuse made of them, very rashly condemn them all without mercy. He goes so far as to prefer them to History in a moral point of view, because History, although possessing the great power of truth, can never present it in all its beauty, but always mixed with human imperfections and even crimes, that in some measure destroy the good effect produced in the reader's mind, by the most heroic actions; while in a Novel the author can remove every unbecoming object, and every circumstance that may distract the attention from the ideas of virtue and religion which he intends to inculcate.

Whatever may be our opinion as to the above observations, we could not but recollect them while reading the useful work entitled "Father Oswald." Its author has succeeded admirably well in presenting the true nature of Protestant prejudices and animosity towards us in the fictitious character of Sefton, whose conversion is prepared and accompanied by circumstances, which render the work uncommonly useful to Protestants, for they will observe nothing in this fiction, but what they see daily among themselves whenever there is a question on Catholicity and Roman Catholics. A very talented lady, convert to the Catholic faith, very judiciously observed that the whole work bears evident signs of being written by a convert; or at least by one who is in the habit of observing the march, we may say, of the intellect, and the feelings of the convert's heart, in the terrible struggle to give up prejudices, and to embrace the truth in the Roman Catholic Church, where nothing but errors were supposed to exist,

On our part, we are also inclined to believe that the author is a convert, or at least, not only he is not a Catholic Clergyman, but even he is not a layman well acquainted with the practices of the Church. At the very beginning of his work describing the administration of the sacrament of the Eucharist to a sick man, he says that as soon as they entered the room they perceived the smell of the incense, and every Catholic knows that incense is never used in the administration of the Eucharist, and much less in the room of a sick person, to whom the smell of it might be disagreeable and perhaps injurious. No Catholic who is in the habit of seeing the adminstration of the Eucharist to the sick, would make any such fiction.

We regret to remark that the character of Sefton is carried rather too far in point of obstinacy in trying the firmness in the faith of his wife, and the author, in order to present that virtue in all its extent in a woman, who forsakes everything and suffers everything rather than to give it up, presents on the contrary, the husband as committing a real sinful action after *his conversion*—requesting her to return to the Protestant Church, and observing her firmness, he then tells

her that he also is a convert, and desires her to accompany him to the Catholic Church in order to make his profession of faith. Either he is supposed to be a convert when he makes the imprudent request to his wife, and then he is presented as a sinner; or he was not yet a convert, and became one, only by seeing the constancy of his wife in her faith, and then his conversion was more the result of feeling and example, than of real conviction. We should sincerely wish to see that part suppressed from the last interview of Sefton and his wife on the subject of conversion, for surely Sefton does not present in his imprudent proposal any example worthy of imitation.

Through a mistake of the printer (as we ought to suppose) a great error is committed in page 121, where it is said that the Catholic Church "teaches that grace will produce its effect without the consent and co-operation of the free-will of man." We really think that in the manuscript there must have been a particle of negation before the verb *produce* so as to read, "the Church teaches that grace will *not* produce its effects," &c. The very sight of the page confirms this supposition, because the word *will* is at the very end of the first line, which makes it very probable that the printer or rather compositor commenced the second line by the word *produce*, thinking to have already placed at the end of the first line the particle *not*, by an oversight which is very common. That such is the case, can be perceived by noticing that in the very same page, the author says that "the grace of God would remain without effect if man refused his assent."

We regret that the author, in order to give to his work the character of a Novel, has not attached to it an *index*, or any sign by which the different subjects could be easily found, but a person must read the whole book, and in case of wanting to find any particular point must look over many pages, and perhaps drop the book with great disgust after losing much time and exhausting his patience. It is true, that in Novels that is often done in order to excite the curiosity of the reader, who does not anticipate the results of the combination, and thus is obliged to read the whole work, while perhaps he would not have read but a few pages had he been led by an index to find the particular point he desired to examine. However, it should be considered that a work of this nature should be consulted by an inquiring mind upon every point as the doubts may occur, and a rapid reading, as generally is practised when the object is to satisfy curiosity as to the result of the intrigue or the end of the work, will never be of any use. We should like to see a more useful though less fashionable edition. This perhaps will be the case, for no doubt a second edition will be demanded, and we hope the editor will take upon himself to make this little alteration in the author's typographical plan. At all events an alphabetical index would be a great addition to the work.

Among many useful observations in which the work abounds, two corruptions of the sacred text, in the Protestant version, are very judiciously pointed out by the author. The first (see page 67) is in the seventh verse of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew, which in the Protestant Bible runs thus, "When ye pray use not *vain repetitions* as the heathens do," while the true translation is, "When you are praying *speak not much* as the heathens." Protestants have thus corrupted the Bible in order to find some pretext for objecting to the prayers used by Catholics, principally the rosary, in which the same

words are often repeated. But as the author very properly observes, the words, *vain repetitions*, are not found in the Greek text, but are introduced as a matter of *expedience* for the holy purpose of attacking the Catholics. There is indeed a great difference between "*speak not much*" and "use not *vain repetitions*," for a man can speak a great deal without repeating. The other corruption of the sacred text, noticed by the author, is found in the gospel of St. John, where the Protestant Bible says, "Behold thy mother, and from that hour that disciple [John] took her unto his *own home*." These last two words have been added by Protestants in order to show that Mary was not left as a *Mother* to John although the text is so plain, but merely as a person whom according to Christ's recommendation he took unto his own home. We refer the reader to this part of the work, where he will find some very sound observations.

The doctrine on tradition is admirably proved by the author on the seventh page, having selected a familiar and urgent way of convincing with the very principles of the religious education received by Protestants. He proves to them that their faith is founded on tradition by observing that they firmly believe whatever is contained in the Apostles' Creed, although it is found no where in the Scriptures; and, moreover, is learned by the children and uneducated people by mere word of their teachers, without reading a single page of the Bible, which many of them cannot read, and notwithstanding they are good Protestants.

We also call the reader's attention to the argument which the author forms against Protestants from the prophecy made by the Blessed Virgin after being saluted by Elizabeth, which is found in the grand and memorable canticle "*Magnificat*," when Mary, inspired by the Holy Ghost, said, "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Protestant generations, as observes the author, have no part in this prophecy, because, very far from praising the Blessed Virgin, they blame every praise given to her, and it appears that they are sworn enemies of the mother of our Redeemer. They have revived the Nestorian heresy, which has lately been openly defended by Dr. Onderdonk, Protestant Bishop (that is mis-called Bishop) of Philadelphia, and for that purpose he goes so far as to question the authority of the Council of Ephesus. Protestants, indeed, are very curious on this subject, and they only prove their prejudice or their ignorance of the nature of the mystery of the Incarnation—Mary, they say, is the mother of Christ, but she is not the mother of God. Is not Christ God? Is there in Christ any human person, or any other person, but the second of the Holy Trinity? We all know that Mary is not the mother of the Divinity, and no one can be so stupid as to affirm any such thing; we know that she only conceived the body of Christ by the Holy Ghost; but we also know that the *personality* is divine, and personifies both natures constituting one Christ, God and Man. Consequently to say that she is the Mother of Christ, but not the mother of God is absurd. St. Elizabeth, inspired by the Holy Ghost, calls her the "*mother of my Lord*," which is the same as to call her mother of God, because Christ is our Lord as God, and we can never give the title of our Lord but to God. Hence the Protestant doctrine is directly against the Gospel.

The author of "Father Oswald" also meets the argument, which Protestants commonly produce in favor of their doctrine of private interpretation from the text "*Search the Scriptures*." We consider this part of the work so interesting, that we

prefer transcribing to giving a summary of it. The passage runs as follows:

"Yes," said the doctor, pompously raising his voice with all the dignity of self-sufficiency; "the Bible, the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants; as long as the Protestant shall hold the Bible, the palladium of his liberty, so long may he defy the efforts of hell and popery! That is the charter of his rights, sealed with the broad seal of Heaven, and bearing impressed in indelible characters the high behest of God, 'Search the Scriptures.'"

"Hold, my good friend," called out the general; "let not your enthusiasm carry you beyond the bounds of discretion; allow me to put in a word or two. If I understand you rightly, you maintain that Christ in these words gives an express *command* to all men, women, and children, to the learned divine and to the unwashed artificer, to search the Scriptures, and consequently to judge for himself, to form his own creed, to believe or to disbelieve whatever he may think conformable or contrary to that sacred code, otherwise the search would be to no purpose?"

"Certainly, certainly," said the doctor.

"Excepting," interrupted Edward, "that all strict Protestants must believe the Thirty-nine Articles."

"Now, it appears to me," continued the general, "that the obvious and fatal consequences of such a mode of proceeding suffices to make a prudent mind doubt, if Christ, in his wisdom, ever gave such a command."

"But it is written in the Scriptures, Sir," said Emma.

"Yes, my dear niece, it is written there, and having heard so many Protestants quote it, I have particularly examined this passage with a learned Catholic divine: now, in the English version, the verb *search* is rendered in the imperative mood, which *may* indeed, but *does not* absolutely, imply a command: in the Greek original, the verb is of such a form, that it is the same in the indicative and in the imperative mood. I have now a choice before me, and the Latin Vulgate, which often throws a light upon the ambiguous expressions of the Greek, unfortunately in this instance is equally ambiguous with the Greek; so, both being equally mute, I cannot catch from either the tone or command which might determine me to receive the text in the imperative mood. I am now left to conjecture: I study the context, and find that either mood fits in wonderfully well. I am therefore left to a free choice; but as our choice is usually influenced by our liking or our prejudices, I prefer to render the passage in the indicative mood thus: 'Ye search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me, and ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life.' Now, in this form it looks much more like a severe reproach to the learned Rabbis of the Synagogue, than a command to Christians; therefore, Sir, before I admit *your command*, you must prove to me that my version is wrong; this I defy you to do, and until you have done it, you must consider the broad seal of your charter torn away, and the broad stone of your Protestant fortress blown up to the devil."

"Oh! dear uncle," exclaimed Mrs. Sefton, "do not use that wicked word."

"Emma," said the general, "I know of no respect due to the devil's name. Really, I do not know whither I can more properly send the whole system, 'which changes the truth of God into a lie,' than to its own father." (*Rom.* i. 25.)

Mrs. Sefton blushed, half mortified at the rebuke and half conscious that

she had been "straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel."

"But," said Edward, "according to what you say, the Catholic version also renders the text in the imperative mood."

"The Catholic version gives both, and leaves us the free choice of either, because Catholics do not build their faith on the ambiguous reading of a Greek or Latin verb."

"You allow at least, that the Protestant version may be right?" said Edward.

"Most freely; but I cannot allow that any man acts wisely, who grounds his faith or risks his salvation on the toss up of a shilling, where there is an equal chance of its turning up heads or tails," answered the general.

"What," exclaimed Doctor Davison angrily, "do you deny that a man who searches the Scriptures with a sincere heart will find therein eternal life?"

"It is not for me to judge the sincerity of any man's heart," answered the general coolly, "nor to set limits to the mercy of God. I am only now contending that to search the Scriptures in the Protestant meaning is not only *no command* of God, but is attended with very fatal consequences."

"That I defy you or any other Papist to prove," said the doctor doggedly.

"But, my dear Sir," continued the general, "daily experience sufficiently proves these fatal consequences; are not thousands continually searching the Scriptures, 'ever learning and never attaining to the knowledge of the truth?' (2 *Tim.* iii. 7.) But come; for the sake of argument, as the chances are equal, I will suppose that the Protestant version is right."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Edward.

"Bravo!" reiterated the doctor.

"But, remember," continued the general, "this supposition affords but quaggy ground to lay a foundation on. However, we will read, 'Search the Scriptures:' still, I can see in these words of Christ nothing like a *command* laid on any Christian to read and search the Scriptures, and I defy any Protestant to prove such a command."

"Why, my dear Sir," said the doctor, "the words are as clear as the noon-day sun."

"No doubt," said the general, "but to whom were they addressed?"

"To all men: who can doubt it?" answered the doctor decidedly.

"I doubt it," said the general, "and you shall hear my reasons for doubting it. Read with attention the whole context. Jesus had healed the infirm man at the probatic pond, on the Sabbath day. For this the *Jews* persecuted Jesus, 'because he did not only break the Sabbath, but also said God was his Father, making Himself equal to God.' Christ asserts His divinity in the most unequivocal manner. John had given testimony to this truth; but Christ received not, needed not, the testimony of men, not even that of the Baptist. But he appealed to the testimony of God manifested by *miracles* and *prophecy:* 'But I have a greater testimony than that of John. For the works which the Father hath given me to perfect, the works themselves which I do, *give testimony of me*, that the Father hath sent me.' He then appeals to the Scriptures, to Moses and the Prophets, who had foretold so many things concerning him: 'Search the Scriptures, for you think in them to have life everlasting, and the same are they *that give testimony of me.*' Now, in all this I can see nothing but a simple appeal to the evidences of the Old Testament, the authority of which the Jews admitted; or, if I must admit a command, it was given to the Jews, to the Scribes and Pharisees who persecuted Jesus, and who neither believed in the Saviour on the testimony of his miracles, nor on the

testimony of Moses: 'For if you did believe Moses, you would perhaps believe me also; for he wrote of me;' but in all this I can see nothing applicable to *Christians*."

The doctor groaned.

"The Saviour," continued the general, "is not addressing his Apostles as disciples; he lays down no rule of doctrine, either how they are to find out the truth themselves, or how they are to teach it to others; to them and to all Christians he holds a very different language: 'Go and *teach* all nations;' 'He who hears you, hears me;' 'He who will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican.'"

"You have certainly taken a new view of the subject," said Edward thoughtfully; "I should not have suspected you, Sir, of being so conversant with the Bible."

The general bowed and continued: "You should also reflect that Christ only addressed the learned amongst the Jews, for the bulk of the people, like the greatest portion of Christians for many centuries, did not know how to read, and therefore could not search the Scriptures. Certainly, there were no Sunday-schools in those dark ages," added he with a smile.

"What a pity," said Mrs. Sefton, half earnestly, half archly; "but I fear there are no records of such things in those early times."

"No," answered her uncle, "you are right, my dear; and did not the Jews when they heard Jesus teaching, whom they thought to be the son of a humble mechanic, express their wonder, 'saying, How doth this man know letters, having never learned?' (*John* vii. 15.) It is therefore evident that Jesus Christ did not make this appeal to the great mass of the illiterate Jews; neither can I conceive any reason why Protestants continually din into the ears of the illiterate crowd, 'Search the Scriptures,' unless it be to dupe and deceive them. Had Jesus Christ intended that the world should learn his doctrine from a book, he would have written the book himself in a plain, easy, clear style, and intelligible to the meanest capacity. Instead of sending his Apostles to *preach* and *teach*, he would have given them the commission to teach the ignorant their A B C, and when they had learned to read, to put his divine book into their hands, and leave them to themselves. Then we should have read in the Acts of the Apostles, and in their Epistles, splendid examples of their zeal and exertions in establishing everywhere Sunday-schools, and day-schools, and Bible societies! Unfortunately, we find no traces of all this in our present Bible. Nay, more, Jesus Christ should have instructed his disciples in the useful art of paper-making, and, above all, he should have revealed to them the powerful engine of the printing-press; for the demand for Bibles would have been so great, that without these two grand discoveries, it would have been impossible to furnish a sufficient supply. He should have left an authentic copy of his divine work in every language that then existed, or ever would exist to the end of time, and not left it to the ignorance or malice of translators to impose upon the credulous their own productions for his Word."

Here Harriet could no longer refrain from laughing outright; and the doctor exclaimed in an angry tone—

"Stop, Sir, I think you are carrying the joke too far; the subject is too serious for a jest, and I cannot condescend to treat it in so light a manner. It is not for us to determine what Jesus Christ should, or should not have done; we ought to be content with what he has done."

"I perfectly agree with you," answered the general; "we ought to

be content *with what he has done;* that is precisely the point in question; namely, whether Jesus Christ has commanded us to search the Scriptures or to hear the Church; yet I can see no joke in demonstrating the absurd consequences which necessarily flow from the Protestant principle; but why do you not answer the reasons I have brought against it from Scripture?"

"Why, really, Sir," said Edward, "there is something plausible in them, which, I confess at this moment, I am not prepared to answer." Then glancing at Dr. Davison, he added—"but I dare say the learned divines of our Church could very easily expose the sophistry of them."

"I am so persuaded," said the doctor, in a tone of considerable effrontery, "of the wisdom and holiness of our principle, that I shall ever think it my duty to bring to the home of every poor man the pure Word of God; he can derive nothing but holiness and salvation from that source of eternal truth."

"My dear doctor," said the general, smiling, "I am always delighted when I catch a glimpse of Protestantism in reading the Bible; and here we are undoubtedly fallen upon real Biblicals. The Scribes and Pharisees *thought* they could find life everlasting in the holy Scriptures. Such, undoubtedly, was their opinion, as it is the opinion of modern Protestants. But what certainty had they of the truth of that opinion? It strikes me that Christ reproves their overweening confidence in that opinion, when he says, '*Ye think* in them to have everlasting life;' if Christ meant to approve of their system, he would naturally have said, Ye know, or ye ought to know."

We cannot finish the review of this valuable work without noticing the judicious observations of the author on the Inquisition. He properly answers to the charges made by Protestants against that Institution, that its proceedings are of a very different character from what generally they are believed to be, and depended upon the civil laws of the nations in which it was established. However we beg leave to add our own observations, and to present facts that perhaps were unknown to the author of "Father Oswald." But before we produce them, we think it expedient to bring to recollection some other facts, well known in history, which are the ground or basis of them. From the beginning of the Church, corporal punishments were inflicted for sins according to the canons of the Church, and crimes against faith were considered of the most hideous character. These punishments, however, had no civil sanction, and were considered as mere corrections according to ecclesiastical discipline. Constantine the Great, in the fourth century, being the first Emperor converted, was also the first who enacted laws against heretics; and after him Theodosius the Great, Arcadius, and Theodosius junior, did the same. Consequently, in the Christian Roman Empire, the heretics were subject to legal animadversions and punishments. However no particular inquisition was established until the beginning of the sixth century by the Emperor Valentin, who ordered the heretics to be found out and punished in a very severe manner. After the downfall of the Roman Empire it is well known that almost all the nations adopted, to a great extent, the Roman laws, and much more so when they came from the Christian Roman Emperors, and therefore the laws against heretics were found in every penal code.

As to Spain, whoever is acquainted with its ancient laws will notice that they were the Roman laws modified and reduced to some system, for such is the famous code entitled "*Las*

Partidas of King Alphonsus the Wise," and among the laws there are several against heretics, and one by which they are condemned to death. The said king reigned in the thirteenth century, and the Inquisition was established in Spain in 1485, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Consequently the Inquisition did not establish, neither had it any part in the establishment of the law by which heretics were condemned to death. We say the same as to the tortures or torments to elicit the truth from the culprits: it was a general practice at that time, not only in Spain but in every kingdom, and therefore the Inquisition did nothing but comply with established laws, and the declamations against it on this score can be addressed to any court of any country at that period. It was the fault of the age and not of the Inquisition, which only made use of that means as a civil court, as long as it was practised by the other civil courts of the country.* This fact can be easily proved by the testimony of several who were imprisoned for a long time by the Inquisition, and being delivered, did not state to have been in any way tortured, and indeed their *sound bodies* would prove the contrary. There are, moreover, several testimonies of persons of every nation and creed, who have been allowed to examine the prisons and all the buildings of the Inquisition and found nothing objectionable; and among the rest is the very remarkable statement of a Protestant Minister recorded by the Right Rev. Dr. Amat, in his *Ecclesiastical History* (tom. ix. p. 459): "I came to Spain," says the Minister, "with a great prejudice against the Inquisition, but with a great desire of investigating the facts. I have lost no opportunity of acquiring information—very soon I found the inquisitors (inquisidores) so polite, amiable, and frank, that I gave up the bad opinion I had of them. I returned to my country entirely convinced that in this tribunal the prisoners are kindly treated, and although I have no doubt that in former times the prisoners were not treated so well, I repeat that it should be attributed to the character of the age."

The source of all the mistakes on this matter, is the rashness in confounding the *Inquisition* with the *Tribunal* or *Court of the Inquisition*, and the ecclesiastical efforts to prevent heresy, with the juridical proceedings to punish the infractions of the laws. The Inquisition, as the very name expresses, is only the inquiry into, or investigation of heresy, which is the duty of every Bishop and has been practised in every age of Christianity, and the Inquisitors, properly, are nothing but helpers of the Bishops. Such was the Inquisition in Spain for near a century, until the year 1485, when was established the Tribunal or Court of the Inquisition. From that time, the Principal Inquisitor or Chief of the Inquisition was appointed by the king and invested with civil power, and the Pope only approved the appointment and conferred the spiritual faculties to absolve from excommunication, &c.

* The practice of "torment" lasted in Spain until the reign of Charles III., when the famous minister of that praise-worthy king, the Count of Florida-blanca, in order to convince him of the impropriety of such a legal proof, got up from his bed at midnight, took his sword, went into the stable of his palace and killed several of his horses. In the morning he was informed of the fact, and immediately he ordered the servant in whose charge were his horses to be imprisoned and tried by a competent judge. The servant denying the crime was subject to the proof by torment, and he immediately confessed that he did kill the horses. The Count of Florida-blanca informed the judge of the *real fact*—the servant was delivered and received a sum of money that made his fortune—the minister informed the king of all the transaction and thus inclined his mind to suppress such a cruel and insufficient legal means of ascertaining the truth.

The By-laws of the Inquisition and the *Code of Proceedings* were given by the King and framed by the *Council of Castile*, which everybody knows to be as the senate of the king and a mere civil and secular body; so that from that period the Inquisition was a very different institution from the one that is said, though very erroneously, to have been founded by St. Dominick. That servant of God was many years in Heaven before the tribunal of the Inquisition was established, neither was he the founder of the ecclesiastical body of inquiry or investigation; for it is well known in history that Innocent III., in order to suppress the prevailing heresies, sent the Carthusian Monks, Raynerius and Guido, in 1198 to France; and in 1204, he sent Arnaldus, Peter de Castro, and Rodulphus, also monks of the same order; and at last in 1206, the same Pope ordered the Bishop of Osma and St. Dominick to exert themselves for the suppression of heresy. It is well known that St. Dominick, far from being inclined to any cruel measure, ever thought that the heretics would not be pleased with any showing of majesty and authority, and therefore he advised the envoys of the Pope, not to show any ostentation, but to take up the cross of Christ and preach in the spirit of charity. Had this spirit guided the civil power of Spain, the cruel and fanatic Philip II. would never have ordered the barbarous Duque de Alba to immolate so many victims to his religious fury.

The Tribunal of the Inquisition, though its establishment was attempted in several parts of France, has never been received in that kingdom, nor in Naples, nor, we may say, in any place, but in Spain, Portugal, and *part* of Italy. Even in these places, far from meeting with the approbation of the majority, it scarcely could ever find advocates, except among those concerned in its affairs. At the present time the tribunal only exists in some parts of Italy. As to Spain, we can assure the reader that the Inquisition is gone for ever, having no protector in any party: for the *serviles* are as much against it as the *liberales*. We can also assure him that the opposition to the said tribunal is not altogether of a religious or ecclesiastical character, because nobody is inclined to have heresies spread in Spain; and as to the Infidels, as they have no exterior forms of worship, they go on as well with the Inquisition as without it, by only taking the precaution of not speaking before any pious person in an irreligious manner; they are well trained in the school of hypocrisy and know well how to live, and they have proved it by the fact that no sooner could they speak freely, than their number, all at once, appeared enormous. It is evident that such a mass of Infidels could not be formed in a short time, and, therefore, they must have been for many years gathering and going on in secret. It is notorious in Spain, and we know it to be a fact, that some, in order to protect themselves against the Inquisition, sought and obtained an office in what we may call the *police* of that tribunal, and we know a case of a fellow marching in procession with the rest of the members, while his friends stood by, laughing and making signs to him.

The principal cause of the aversion of the Spaniards to the Inquisition, is the influence of that tribunal in civil and political affairs, even when the Inquisitors had no such intention and perhaps no knowledge of the fact. It is on account of a dense cloud of richly dressed rascals, which surrounds the king's palace, and makes use of the Inquisition to destroy, or at least to put out of the way for a time, any person they choose, by the infamous means of an accusation. We could give many

proofs of this, if any be wanted, but let it be enough to mention the scandalous case of Bishop Queipo, who, a little after the liberation of Ferdinand VII. from his imprisonment in France, was called by the order of the king from his diocese in South America, with the honorific expression, "that his Majesty was in need of his talents." No sooner had he arrived in Madrid than the king appointed him his Minister of State, but two days after he was arrested by an officer of the Inquisition, and remained in prison until the restoration of the constitution in 1820. Nothing was proved against him, but he was kept out of the way.

We beg our readers to excuse this long digression, and let our apology be, the false ideas generally entertained in this country on the subject of the Inquisition. A great many believe that it is a part of the Catholic Church and the only support of what they call Popery, without reflecting that all the doctrines which they qualify as such were entertained, to say the least, long before the Inquisition; and the Reformers had not the trouble of destroying it, for they did not find it in the places where they spread their doctrines and destroyed Popery. There are some others who believe that the Inquisition is yet in existence in every Catholic country and that the Spaniards are partial to it—others think that the Inquisition established the torments and burning of heretics, without recollecting that when Calvin burnt Servetus, it did not follow from any laws of the Inquisition. In a word, the American people are totally led astray on this subject by those whose interest is to oppose the Catholic Church, right or wrong.

Another prejudice of Protestants against the Inquisition, is to believe that if they were in a Catholic country where such a tribunal was established, they would be immediately imprisoned and even put to death. Protestant ministers, or at least many of them, inculcate this notion among the people for their own interest; it is no wonder, therefore, that even some very learned Protestants should be under such an impression. The continual intercourse of merchants and several other classes of Protestants with Catholic countries has indeed destroyed, in a great measure, such a prejudice, and much more so since so many Americans have been to Rome and been received kindly by the Pope, and been often in company with the members of the Inquisition: they believe, however, that the alteration is the effect of the times against the real nature of the institution. They believe this particularly as regards the Spanish Inquisition, which is a great mistake, for it only acts according to the law of Alphonsus the Wise, in which it is expressly forbidden to force any man to become a christian, because *Jesus Christ does not want, neither does he like, a service by compulsion,* "*Ca el no quiere ni ama servicio fecho por premia;*" but as to the Catholics who turn Jews, Mahometans, or heretics, they were condemned to suffer death, because they were considered infractors of the laws of religion as well as of the country which they are bound to observe. Therefore the above mentioned law says, "*if a christian turns jew or mahometan, let him be put to death and the same if he turns a heretic.*" "*Si algun cristiano se tornare judio, o moro, mandamus que lo maten por ello; bien asi como si se tornare hereje.*" (Ley 6, 7, 24.—Part. 7; ley 2; y. 4; tit. 25.) Consequently, the law was not established against those who are born and brought up out of the Catholic Church, but against the Catholic subjects of the king of Spain. At present everybody knows that the law has no effect, the same as the laws of England against the Catholics. Indeed Pro-

testants ought to treat us with more justice, and not to blame us for what they can also be blamed, but to attribute all to the circumstances of the times which have passed away.

The interesting work we have reviewed will no doubt help to destroy such ungrounded prejudices, and we hope that its circulation will increase daily. F. V.

A Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon, By Daniel O'Connell, M. P. Greely & McElrath, Tribune Buildings, 160 Nassau-street; J. Doyle, 169 Broadway, N. Y.

This valuable memoir, the first volume of which is before us, by the Liberator of Ireland, is a new proof of the indefatigable industry and vast information of the author—of which this compilation is a striking, and a standing evidence. The dates, statistics, references, facts, with which it abounds, strike the attention of the reader with amazement, and vindicate for Mr. O'Connell the character of an historian of profound research, and, without doubt, unexceptionable accuracy. The severe and accrimonious criticism of the *Dublin University Magazine* only corroborates, in the estimation of all liberal men, the truth and merit of this production. The bitter prejudices, deep-fixed animosity, intolerable bigotry, and all-sweeping dictation of that periodical are brought to bear, in one compact and combined effort, against a "memoir," which represents in their genuine position, facts, which, to say the least of them, are not always complimentary to the memories of those who once took part in their existence; but which, on the contrary, inflict a stigma on the actors and the government that authorized and encouraged them, which shames and burns at the same time. There can be no doubt, that the assertors of protestant principles will feel themselves driven into a dilemma, from which they cannot escape: and, while *they* are filling volumes with high-sounding pretensions to tolerance and wisdom, and the true spirit of the gospel, *other* volumes come forth from the silent and secret archives of the past, and arraign the former, with dispassionate justice, before the tribunal of the present age. The voice of Catholicity is heard again, piercing the vaults of buried ages appealing to truth, to facts: and she brings up on the arena of a period when the minds of a new generation are less agitated by the conflict of law and conscience, the true spirit of protestantism, and compels it to undergo a rigid and unprejudiced examination at the bar of Eternal Right. To the especial attention of the reading community of all creeds, we earnestly recommend this great production. The edition which is now before us, is cheap and excellent, and falls within the resources of almost every individual.

Bible Quadrupeds, or the Natural History of the Animals mentioned in Scripture, with Sixteen Engravings, in 1 vol. 12mo. Printed and published by John Murphy, 146 Market-street, Baltimore; E. Dunigan, 151 Fulton-street, New-York.

We consider this work useful and interesting in every respect and to every class of persons. The youth finds in it amusement and instruction in a very important branch of Natural History; and those more versed with the subject will find a Manual or Repertory to rectify their ideas, should they doubt of their recollections. It is unnecessary to say, that the knowledge derived from the perusal of this small volume will be a great help to understand many passages of the Holy Scriptures, where allusions and comparisons are made to several animals according to their nature and habits. The typographical part is very correct and beautiful,

and the engravings very good. The work indeed, does credit to the publisher, and we hope that he will continue to put forth similar works.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY. Read before the Carroll Institute of Philadelphia, Dec. 29th, 1842. By William George Read, L. L. D. John Murphy, Market-street, Baltimore.

There are few characters in the records of Church History more interesting than that of St. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. He flourished in a country which absorbs our feelings, in an age which is styled one of the dark, was contemporary with stirring events, and never dying men, acted a part which identifies him with the cause of ecclesiastical liberty, and renders him an opponent of unjust kingly pretensions. In a word, which blends in one the courtier, the statesman, the prelate, the saint, and the martyr. To do justice to such a theme, will be, at once, conceded to be no easy task. The great Lingard has excelled himself in describing this immortal personage. He has vindicated and made glorious the history of Becket; and has confounded the enemies of his memory and his church. What nobler subject for a lecture could present itself to the mind. What fitter master could be found to present it, as it deserved to be, before the collection of a miscellaneous audience, than William George Reed, L. L. D. We confess we have read much concerning St. Thomas, but nothing more satisfactorily than the lecture now before us. The strong appreciation of circumstances and details which characterizes the author's genius here evinces itself powerfully. He marches with a lofty pace over the fields of history, and gathers the spoils with a victor's hand, all of which are venerable relics of holy days and saintly personages. We admire Mr. Read's spirit—it is deeply imbued with Catholic influences—and he is as edifying in his instructions, as he is learned, eloquent, and masterly in his manner of composition.

BISHOP HUGHES' LECTURE.—This elaborate and instructive Lecture, delivered on Wednesday, the 27th of March, in the Broadway Tabernacle, was an offering of the Right Reverend Prelate to the Half Orphan Asylum. We rejoice that the Catholic community proved themselves deeply interested in the charity; for the spacious Hall was crowded, and the proceeds amounted to a very considerable sum. As the whole of the lecture has been already spread before the public, we will merely give an extract, which we regard as, particularly, worthy of frequent and attentive perusal:

"All the preaching of the clergy tended to inspire pity and mercy towards the serfs. All believed in the importance of good works to salvation; and at the head of all good works, during those ages, stands MERCY towards prisoners and slaves. Hence it is impossible to tell how large a share in their gradual emancipation is to be ascribed to the dogmas of the Church; but it is not too much to assert that among those who regard the doctrine of purgatory as a superstition, there are many whose ancestors, owed their elevation, from *slavery* to *freedom*, to that identical doctrine; for nothing was more common than to *give* serfs for the consolation of a soul departed, or as presented to the Blessed Virgin, or St. Peter—which always meant giving them their liberty, investing them with the rights of freedom. The provision of the Canon law which forbade the alienation of church property, was founded on the idea that the actual incumbents for the time being, had only a life interest in the

use of it. One third of its income was for the support of the poor—one-third for the repair of the churches, and the remaining third for their personal maintenance, with the understanding that even the surplus of this, if any, belonged to the poor. This regulation was one of the causes of their wealth, in the progress of time. But the same authority which forbade the alienation of church property, made one glorious exception—and the law did not apply if the money resulting from such alienation was for the purpose of ransoming slaves.

It was in this spirit that St. Exuperius, Bishop of Toulouse, actually sold the sacred vessels of his church to apply the money to the purchase of their freedom;—St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, went so far when pecuniary resources failed, as to become voluntarily a slave himself as the means of relieving others; in which he was successful. Individual instances of this kind were common over the whole length and breadth of Christendom. Who can estimate the influence of such distinguished examples, on governments and legislation, on the inferior clergy who were equally devoted in their sphere—on the Feudal Lords themselves, on the serfs and the whole mass of society!

It was no doubt, examples like these, which acting on the charities of the christian religion on their own hearts, prompted so many to unite together in the different religious orders of mercy, having for their special object the redemption of slaves, the instruction, protection, and consolation of the poor. But there is yet more. What would be, in the very nature of things, the greatest obstacle in the minds of the masters, to the voluntary enfranchisement of their slaves? Assuredly the loss of the profits arising from their labor. If then you could diminish those labors, you would of course diminish his profits, and with them his interest in perpetuating the bondage. Now this is precisely what the church did—though not altogether for this purpose. She multiplied religious holydays. This took from the masters the profits of labor on those days, and imposed on him the burden of support. Who is there that has not ridiculed the many holydays recognized in the church, and yet how few have ever suspected the motive of mercy towards the slaves, to which in part they owed their origin!

Thus by a combination of influences, all of them taking their source in the charity of the christian religion, the way was prepared and the work gradually accomplished; so that at the begining of the 16th century, there was hardly a vestige of slavery on the map of Europe, except in Poland, which had been the last nation converted from Paganism, and in Russia which had already separated from the unity of the church, and in which it is not a little remarkable, that after her separation, not a single step has ever been made towards the emancipation of her serfs. But every where else, the whole class of serfs had been transmuted into the first elements of what has since constituted the middle classes, tenants or proprietors of small portions of the land. Thus was slavery driven out from Europe by the power of christian faith and of christian feeling alone, working in the hearts of men. Its operation proceeded slowly, but with the certainty of ultimately accomplishing its object, and without producing any social or civil convulsion.

I have not spoken of particular nations, as my object has been to give a general outline—as the time would not suffice for entering into detail. Neither was the action of the clergy, generally, of an authoritative or national form. But there is one remark-

able instance of this kind on record, and a large portion of this audience would hardly pardon me if I passed it over in silence. It is taken from the celebrated Collection of the Councils, by L'Abbé. In the nation to which I refer, slavery had never existed among the native population, for it had never been conquered. But it had become a market for the sale of slaves brought from other lands, until that unhappy class had become very numerous in all its borders. And by a single statute, prompted by the same religious feelings which operated elsewhere, its Bishops assembled in National Council proclaimed the universal and simultaneous emancipation of all the slaves in the land. This Council was held about the year 1050, in the city Waterford, in Ireland. May we not hope that the people of that lovely but unfortunate land, will soon be able to do for themselves what they did for their foreign slaves nearly 800 years ago.

ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHILODEMIC SOCIETY OF GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, February 22d, 1843. By George Columbus Morgan, of Md.

Another expression of patriotic feeling in the ancient Halls of Georgetown College. The manner in which the anniversary of Washington's birthday is celebrated under the influence of the American Jesuits, is a remarkable circumstance; a refutation of volumes of slander and vituperation against a body of men, who have done more for the dissemination of letters in the world than all their enemies put together. The oration before us is by one of the alumni of this venerable Institution: it breathes a classic and patriotic spirit, and is well written. As a specimen of the style and manner of the orator, we make room for the peroration:

"The faithful chroniclers of ancient heroism have employed the richest veins of language and exhausted the treasures of their inventive intellects, in describing the stern exactitude, severe virtue, and other endowments of intellectual pre-eminence, that distinguished the subjects of their eulogium. Many are the praises that form the almost apotheosis of the "Theban hero;" and, in their delineations of this truly great man's character, they present us with no incident of so touching, so winning a nature, as that exhibited by him when expiring in the arms of victory. The clash of contending armies was hushed; the serried walls of steel-clad men that stood ready "as a thunderbolt, fraught with the lightnings of heaven," to burst upon their foes, had fought, bled, and conquered; the laureate wreath, thick with clustering honors, again encircled the silvered locks of their much-loved leader; but Death stood nigh to strip him not of his laurel, but of his life. The blood that trickled from his wound told his attendants that he should never again lead them to victory, and the sad intelligence was borne in strains of melting lamentation to the most distant parts of the tented field. More sensible than ever of the value of what they were about to lose, whilst they called to mind the many and exalted virtues of the departing patriot, in the bitterness of their anguish and depth of their despair, they exclaimed—"Epaminondas, had you but children to survive you!" The trembling lip of the dying warrior "kissed his shield as the champion of his valor and glory," and murmured with his parting accents these undying words: "Thebans, I leave you two that are immortal—the victories of Leuctra and Mantinea." Like the noble Theban, Washington left no children to inherit his virtues, and prove at least some consolation to his countrymen in their affliction at his loss. But how un-

like that solemn tragedy was the death-bed scene of the modern hero! How different the bequest which he was enabled to leave behind him! No empty trophies of victories, to which a nation that had tasted only so much of the sweets of liberty as to become by the contrast more sensible of the misery of their subsequent degradation might point when they had lost all that was worth fighting for, constituted his legacy; but he had, ere as a ministering angel he ascended to his heavenly home, the unprecedented, and in all probability never to be equalled, happiness of bequeathing a continent to freedom, and his fame to eternity.

After such a will, to which, though his modesty forbade him to give utterance, there was no one who was not persuaded of its existence, he terminated a life astonishing in incident, instructive in precept, brilliant in example—long enough for himself, and for the accomplishment of the designs of Providence; too short for us who call him father, but whom he did not live to acknowledge as his children.

After the lapse of forty-four years, the recollection of the scene presented by our country at the demise of Washington, like the memory of joys suddenly interrupted never to be renewed, though charged with bitterness, is not without its relief of comfort. To see a nation still in the virgin bloom of its existence, veiled in tears and robed in the habiliments of mourning, following to the grave the remains of a fond parent, upon whose arm she was wont to lean for protection in the hour of danger—from whose smiles she had drank in hopes that deceived not—from whose lips she had caught, as they fell, those lessons of wisdom, which had made her what she was, the charming and unrivalled beauty of the West, more lovely than ever in her present affliction, which, though it had deprived her of a tender father, had not undone her, for, by the providence of that father, she had been left independent; to catch, as they ascend towards the lost loved one, the mingled sounds of sobs and prayers, arising like sweet incense, from every hill and valley between the Atlantic and the Pacific;

> "To hear an empire's tread—
> A land, 'mid shade of banner and of plume,
> Pour from one mighty heart, above the tomb,
> Its tribute to the dead:"

whilst it fills us with sorrow at the sad catastrophe that thus plunged our country into an ocean of grief, and naturally excites a regret that it was not our good fortune to look, at least for once, upon the man to whom all hearts were thus bound by the ties of love, imparts, at the same time, the liveliest and strongest confidence that the fondest hopes of our souls will be realized in the unchanging and unchangeable attachment of Americans to that liberty for which they testified their gratitude on that occasion in particular, by so simultaneous and universal an outbreak of feeling, as to leave the world in doubt whether it was more creditable to him who had occasioned it or to those who had given it expression. Can, then, the words of the great and pure Sir Thomas Brown ever find verity from our irreverence, or celebrity in our forgetfulness? Shall it ever be proclaimed of us that our "fathers and our Washington have found a grave in our memories?" Impossible! Unless "fame's voice should first be mute—glory's plume should sink"—honor lose its value, virtue its esteem, wisdom its influence, the grandeur of the intellect decay—the allurements of art, the gildings of poesy, and the pleasures of science, "all that pleases, all that delights, all that raptures in nature" should wither away. It is true, that, as children, we cannot, in our father's cause, give an opinion unbiassed by feeling, and we are proud that we

cannot; yet, could we, we think it would be, that, if there be one name (those excepted which are connected with revelation) that will outlive all the vicissitudes of time, that name is Washington's. And as virtue never dies, when time itself shall be no more, the record of those virtues, which have formed the subject of my imperfect discourse, shall continue to hold the honored place which angels have already assigned it, among the Archives of Eternity.

EDITORIAL OBSERVATIONS.

View of St. Peter's Church, Barclay-street, New-York, by Mr. Lewis.—The beautiful lithograph of this church which accompanies the present number, will, we are sure, be recognized at once as a most accurate and faithful representation of the original. The following history of St. Peter's by the venerable Thomas O'Connor, will be perused with interest by our readers:

"During the colonial dependance of the province of New York on the British government, the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion was prohibited, under the severest penalties. The declaration of American Independence, announcing the startling doctrine, that 'all men are created equal,' bears the date of July 4th, 1776. In accordance with the equitable principle involved in this first act of the American people, in their confederated capacity, the constitution of the State of New York, adopted on the 20th April, 1777, provided, among other things, that 'the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall for ever hereafter be allowed within this state to all mankind.' But this provision in favor of free toleration, was, as far as related to the Catholic religion, perfectly inoperative in the city of New York, by reason of its occupancy by the enemy, during the whole of the revolutionary struggle, and until the final evacuation of the city by the British authorities, on the 25th of November, 1783, when the sun of freedom first cast its rays on this city.

The population of the city of New York was, at this time, small; the number of Catholics very few, but of stout hearts filled with joy by reason of their recent emancipation, and inspired by a zeal equal to every exigency. They lost no time in raising a temporary altar for the performance of the Christian sacrifice, according to the tenets of their faith. The Reverend Andrew Nugent officiated as the first minister of this little band, the nucleus of the one hundred thousand Roman Catholics now worshipping in their eleven churches in this city. Verily, the grain of mustard seed has grown to be a tree.

The first act of incorporation of the Roman Catholic congregation in the city of New York, was procured from the legislature of the State, in the year 1785. In the commencement of the following year, five lots of ground were purchased from the trustees of Trinity church, and the foundation stone of St. Peter's Roman Catholic church promptly laid, an earnest that the Catholics were bent on quickly availing themselves of the

discontinuance of a persecution, now no more. On the fourth day of November in the same year, (1786,) the first Roman Catholic church, and the thirteenth church of any denomination then in this city, was opened for divine service, and Mass publicly celebrated by the reverend pastor, in presence of a large auditory of persons of various religious persuasions.

A second charter was sought and obtained from the legislature of the State, in the year 1787.

It would yield me supreme gratification, could I, by an enumeration of names, do justice to all who, in these hallowed days of incipient Catholicity in this city, rendered us so deeply their debtors. All were, doubtless, equally zealous, but all had not equally the means and opportunity to advance a cause, to which each individual was ready to engage his heart and to apply his hand. Among those whose names float on the surface of oblivious time, I discover those of Sieur de St. Jean de Crevecoeux, consul of France; Don Diego de Gardequi, plenipotentiary of Spain; Don Thomas Stoughton, consul of Spain; Joze Roiz Silva, Dominick Lynch, James Stewart, Henry Duffin, Andrew Morris, Gibbon Burke, Charles Naylor, William Bryson, William Mooney, George Barnwell, John Sullivan. Several, if not all, of these, were trustees under the first or second charter.

In the year 1788, the Rev. William O'Brien succeeded the Rev. Mr. Nugent, as pastor of St. Peter's church. This divine entered zealously on the pastoral duties of his station, and contributed by personal labor, and by travel into foreign parts, to promote the religious and temporal interests of the church; he attained to a good old age. His remains are interred beneath this church, of which he continued pastor to the time of his death, which occurred 14th May, 1816.

The congregation of St. Peter's church, increased with a surprising rapidity, insomuch that the church soon literally overflowed. Efforts to relieve it by the erection of other Catholic churches were inadequate; church after church was built, but yet St. Peter's overflowed. To enlarge or rebuild had been for years a favorite topic; the inadequacy of means or the doubts as to the best course to pursue, led the trustees, from time to time, to defer the subject. At length, the evident decay of a part of the materials of which the church was built, caused alarm. A review of the building was ordered by the trustees. This review was made on the 8th of April, 1836, by three competent builders, who united in their report, "that it was unsafe for a congregation to assemble in said church, in its present condition." The correctness of this report was shortly afterwards verified by the falling into the body of the church, at a time when the congregation was happily absent, of the entire of the flat portion of the ceiling. The church must now be repaired at a considerable expense, and would then be inadequate to the accommodation of its large congregation, it must be totally abandoned, or it must be rebuilt on an enlarged plan. The latter was resolved on.

Without scrip or purse, your trustees, trusting in your expected approbation, and relying on your support, and countenanced by our worthy Rector, resolved to proceed to rebuild your church. The resolutions for this purpose were passed on the fifth day of June, 1836. On the next day, the removal of earth was commenced. On the ninth day of August, the first stone was placed in the foundation. On the twenty-eighth day of August, Mass was celebrated for the last time in the old church. On the twenty-sixth day of October, the corner stone was laid by the Right

Rev. Bishop Dubois, assisted by the Rector of the church, the Very Rev. Dr. John Power, who delivered an excellent address, suitable to the occasion, and by other attending clergy. The activity with which this heavy undertaking was prosecuted, will be best evinced by the fact that, on the first Sunday of September, 1837, the service of the Mass, was, according to the rites of our creed, performed in one of the basement rooms of the new church. On the 25th February, 1838, the interior of the church being finished, it was opened for public service. The ceremony of consecration was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes. The Very Rev. Pastor, in a strain of eloquence, in which it may be said he exceeded himself, preached to an audience of more than four thousand persons, who occupied not only every pew, but all the aisles and every spot where man could find a place to sit or stand. Many were excluded for want of further space.

This was a glorious day for the Catholics of New York. A church of great architectural beauty, of studied solidity in all its parts, in size more than double that of the church that had been lately removed, was, at great expense, built within little more than one year, This edifice, a monument of the zeal and public spirit of the congregation, is not only a great convenience to themselves, but an ornament to the city; elevating the Catholics, both as men and as christians, in the esteem and respect of their dissenting brethren."

Donation to the Orphans, from the Washington Temperance Guards. —The following letter enclosing $25 for the benefit of the orphans, was addressed by Col. Haskett to the Very Rev. Dr. Power and Rev. Dr. Pise. It speaks for itself—and deserves to be recorded. We will merely add, that it is the result of that memorable festival, celebrated in the Broadway Tabernacle, on 22d of February last.

April 20, 1843.

Rev. Gentlemen,

Permit me to present the enclosed to you for the benefit of those tender orphans, whom your Divine Master has been pleased to commit to your especial guardianship. In presenting to them this tribute of duty, I am reminded of that event from which it flowed; and cannot refrain from offering to you my thanks for the kind and prompt manner, in which you accepted the invitation to join in the high moral festivities of the evening of the 22d of February, and for the very able manner, which marked your signal participation in the events of the glorious occasion.

The soldiers thank you for the beautiful tokens of your kind regard, and bid me renew their assurances that they shall be carefully preserved and honored—as well on account of the donor, as from an unfeigned desire to join in rendering that profound and affectionate respect, which all Christendom and civilization spontaneously pay to that almost hallowed name—Father Matthew—the Apostle of Temperance.

In conclusion Rev. Gentlemen, allow me individually to renew every assurance of esteem and regard, while I remain

With profound respect, your very ob't serv't,

W. Jay Haskett.

Rev. Drs. Power and Pise.

A friend to whom we lent the "Prigioni" of Sylvia Pellico, on returning the volume, addresses us a letter, in which he inquires whether that beautiful work was really composed during the imprisonment of its author? There can be no doubt of the fact, that it emanated from the splendid mind of the illustrious prisoner when in the gloomy dungeons

of Speilbergh. Imprisonment seems to have been favorable to the production of genius as we find from the following facts:

It was in prison that Bœthius composed his excellent book on the consolations of philosophy.

Grotius wrote, in his confinement, his Commentary on St. Matthew.

Buchanan, confined in a monastery in Portugal, composed his excellent paraphrases on the Psalms of David.

Pelisson, during five years' confinement for some state affairs, pursued with ardor his studies in the Greek language, in philosophy, and particularly in theology, and produced several compositions.

Michael Cervantes composed the best and most agreeable book in the Spanish language, during his captivity in Barbary.

Fleta, a well-known and very excellent little law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet prison for debt, but whose name has not been preserved.

Lewis XII., when he was Duke of Orleans, being taken prisoner at the battle of St. Aubin, was long confined in the Tower of Bourges, and applying himself to his studies, which he had hitherto neglected, he became in consequence an able and enlightened monarch.

Margaret, Queen of Henry IV., king of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the study of elegant literature; and composed a very skilful apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

Charles I., during his confinement at Holmsby, wrote that excellent book, entitled "The Portrait of a King," which he addressed to his son, and wherein the political reflections will be found not unworthy of Tacitus.

Queen Elizabeth, while in prison, wrote some very good poems; and Mary, Queen of Scots, during her long and cruel imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many beautiful poetic compositions.

Sir Walter Raleigh produced in his confinement his "History of the World," of whom it is observed, to employ the language of Hume, "they had leisure to reflect on the hardships not to say the injustice of his sentence. They pitied his active and enterprising spirit, which languished in the rigors of confinement. They were struck with the extensive genius of the man who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which, at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work as the 'History of the World.'"

Effects of Tractarianism.—Protestantism has undoubtedly good reason to apprehend the consequences of the doctrines put forth by the Puseyite school. For, within the short space of sixteen months, it has lost no less than five of the most distinguished Fellows and Members of the Oxford University, as well as several others, who have gone over to the mother—the ancient Religion of Rome. Their names are as follows:

1. Rev. R. W. Sibthorp, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.
2. Rev. Bernard Smith, late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.
3. Edw. Douglas, Esq., B. A., Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church.
4. Peter le Page Renouf, Esq., Scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford.
5. Johnson Grant, Esq., Commoner of St. John's College, Oxford.
6. Rev. Dr. Wackerbath.
7. A tradesman in Oxford.
8. A boy at Shrewsbury school.
9. Miss Gladstone.
10. Miss Young.

An Italian priest was in Oxford in October last, and called upon Mr. Newman and Dr. Pusey. He has since expressed himself as much gratified to find how widely Catholicism was spreading among the young men, to an extent of which he had previously no idea.

THE INDIAN MISSIONS.—We rejoice to perceive how deep and general is the interest felt, throughout the Union, by all Catholics, for the success of this glorious project. The Jesuits are the noble pioneers of the Gospel among the wilds and mountains of the Oregon, and who can tell but from the boundaries of this continent, they may not penetrate once more into Japan, a land once enlightened by the torch of Christian faith, which was extinguished only by streams of Christian blood. We would not be surprised at this adventure, which, did it succeed, would unfold most curious things; would solve the problem which now defies all inquiries whether there are any monuments, fragments, or traces of the labors of St. Francis Xavier and his companions in Japan.

The following is the result of the collections as taken in each of the Churches of New-York and Brooklyn, on Sunday the 12th of March:

St. Peter's Church,	$120 00
St. Patrick's	103 00
St. Joseph's	102 59
St. Mary's	75 00
St. James's, N. Y.	55 25
St. James's, Brooklyn	48 00
Nativity, N. Y.	38 55
Assumption, Brooklyn	34 00
St. Nicholas's, N. Y.	25 00
Transfiguration,	17 12
St. Andrew's,	15 87
St. John's, German	15 00
	$649 38

DISCOURSE OF THE REV. JOHN MCCAFFREY.—We publish this interesting production entire; for though there are some parts more eloquent and beautiful than others, still, the whole forms a discourse worthy of the Orator and the venerable Dead. The reverend President of Emmetsburg College speaks from a long acquaintance with Bishop Dubois, under whose paternal administration he was trained up to knowledge and religion: and there is no *élève* of the "Mountain" in those good old times, who will not enter with deep sympathy, into the participation of all the sentiments of veneration, affection, and gratitude, which are so classically and pathetically embodied in this able Discourse.

W. E. ROBINSON, Esq., a graduate of Yale College and a native of Ireland, who is well known for his patriotism and liberality, and distinguished for his eloquence, is on his way to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, Cincinnati, &c.; in all which cities it is his intention to deliver lectures on "Ireland and the Irish." We understand that he purposes visiting his native land; and we have every reason to expect some very interesting and useful notes from his able pen, during his tour.

"HOME AT LAST."—We find this little poem going the rounds in the Catholic papers, without giving credit to its author. *Fiat justitia.*

FIRST EDITION OF THE BIBLE.—A Flemish gentleman lately purchased a lot of old books from a priest, and found among them the sixth copy of the first edition of the Bible ever printed. In 1816, a copy of this edition of the Scriptures was sold to the King of France for nearly four thousand dollars.

We have to apologize to our readers for the absence of our usual "Intelligence" this month, the extreme length of several of our articles must plead our excuse.

W. Franquinet Pinxt. G. Parker Sc.

P. J. De Smet S. J.

Engraved expressly for the Catholic Expositor.

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